THE CASTILIAN.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "GOMEZ ARIAS."

Let 'em call it mischief:
When it is past and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.

BEN JONSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

In appearing a second time before the public, I beg leave to offer a few words of explanation relating to the following romance. Amongst three or four subjects pointed out to me by my friends, from the history of Spain, as peculiarly adapted for illustration, I readily gave my preference to the stirring times of Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, as affording, perhaps, one of the most striking and romantic series of incidents in the annals of any people. Besides the

advantages to be derived from the interesting nature of the subject, there was an additional inducement to determine my choice. In addressing myself to English readers, the opportunity of introducing the most chivalrous character in their own history, was too tempting to be neglected. The conduct of the Black Prince and his companions, during their campaigns in Spain, redounded as much to their glory, as at any previous periods of their illustrious career.

With regard to Don Pedro, some persons may, probably, imagine that I have not pourtrayed him in sufficiently dark colours; since he is pretty generally supposed to have been one of the most ruthless tyrants that ever disgraced a throne. I confess I cannot bring my mind wholly to agree in this opinion, and I have, accordingly, drawn his character with somewhat less popular exaggerations; not, however, without having first deliberately weighed the argu-

ments on both sides, as well as deduced the natural inferences from existing facts and circumstances connected with those times. I ought also to add, that I have used no exaggeration in depicting "*the Castilian*," Ferran de Castro. His heroism, high principle, and singular attachment to the king, are strictly authentic, as may be seen by consulting various historical accounts, relating to that calamitous period. I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possible, those faults which were observed in "*Gomez Arias*;" and I may, perhaps, be allowed to hope, that there will be somewhat less to object to, in this second attempt, especially as regards the style, and the historical portion of the Work, on both which points more attention has been bestowed.

In conclusion, I have to return my warm and sincere acknowledgements to the gentlemen of the press, for the very kind and flattering man-

ner in which they noticed my former production. I am sensible, that a feeling of hospitality towards a foreigner may, in some measure, have influenced them; but this circumstance, though not so gratifying to an author's vanity, ought in no manner to lessen his gratitude.

Richmond, September 30th, 1828.



THE CASTILIAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Don Alfonso the XI. was succeeded on the throne of Castile by his son Don Pedro, commonly surnamed *El Cruel*,* and by many *El Justiciero*.† His reign was one uninterrupted series of disasters and confusion. Treasons, murders, robberies, civil wars, and every other calamity which can desolate a nation, afflicted his kingdom during the period of this ill-fated monarch's government. Opinion is divided with regard to the real origin of such commotions. The general voice is certainly against Don Pedro,

* The Cruel. † The Executor of Justice.

who had acquired by his supposed exc[illegible] and cruelty, the odious appellative of *The Cruel;* but there are also authors whose a[illegible]hority carries great weight, who attribute the primary cause of these horrors to the licence, rapacity, and turbulent spirit of the grandees and the clergy, aiming at extending their power at the expence of the royal prerogative, and the people's rights. Perhaps both parties were more or less to blame. Don Pedro ascended the throne at the early age of fifteen. His personal appearance by no means conveyed an idea of a severe and tyrannical nature, much less that of a gratuitous spiller of human blood. The expression of his countenance was peculiarly striking; his complexion fair, though inclined to paleness. His features were marked and handsome; long golden hair; an erect and noble figure, with a certain authority stamped upon his countenance, gave a majestic and imposing air, approaching even to rigidity, to his whole deportment. Fearless in battle and bold

in counsel,—his frame sunk under no fatigue; his mental energy drooped not under the severest trials or most perilous adventures. He was passionately fond of all those sports and exercises which tend to invigorate the body and bestow habits of hardihood, and which are not exempt, perhaps, from some tincture of severity and cruelty. Don Pedro mingled many vices with his good qualities, but those which have been more particularly laid to his charge, are,—a vindictive spirit, a pleasure in spilling blood, licentiousness in amours, and rapacity of disposition. To these, in several instances, may be added ingratitude, and, indeed, if we are to believe certain writers, he possessed every vice that can disgrace human nature. He is, in fine, stated to have been a monster almost unique in the annals of history. Exaggerated accounts like these, however, require neither refutation nor comment.

Don Pedro had several illegitimate brothers, the offspring of his predecessor's amour with a

lady of the name of Doña Leonor de Guzman. But amongst these, by far the most conspicuous was Don Enrique, count of Trastamara, who in the sequel possessed himself of the throne.

No sooner had the young king assumed the crown, than he signalized his reign by the commission of a cruel act, the precursor of a series of calamities, destined to deluge Castile in blood, and plunge it into all the horrors of civil dissension. The dowager queen, who had been neglected by her royal husband, owing to his affection for Doña Leonor, had long nourished a secret thirst of vengeance, which she only waited for a fit opportunity of indulging. This soon presented itself. The ascendancy which the mother held over the young king at that early age, as well as the natural propensities of Don Pedro, most effectually seconded her desires. Doña Leonor was thrown into confinement at Seville, and being afterwards removed to Talavera, was secretly put to death.

Upon this, her son, Don Enrique, conceived a plan of revenge. A conspiracy was soon formed, which, though unsuccessful in the commencement, led in the sequel to very important results. Many of the grandees, jealous of the influence and favouritism of Alburquerque, the young king's preceptor, and many other personages amongst the gentry and clergy, alarmed at the unbending spirit of the youthful monarch, joined in a cabal to deprive him of the crown of Castile. This treason soured the character of Don Pedro; his violent temper had already regarded with a revengeful eye the rebellious spirit of his grandees and *ricos-homes*,* and he daily afforded new pretexts to widen the breach which already existed between him and his lords.

The unhappy marriage of the king with Blanche de Bourbon, and his violent affection for Doña Maria Padilla, set the seal to these

* Literally, men of wealth—gentry.

calamities. As Don Pedro proceeded on his way to meet the intended queen, he was struck with the uncommon beauty and brilliant endowments of Doña Maria.(1) This extraordinary woman had lived in complete seclusion under the care of her relative, Albur-querque, and thus her dazzling charms, her wit, and accomplishments had remained a secret to the frequenters of the court of Seville. The king was forcibly struck with her appearance, and conceived a most absorbing passion for her—a passion which lasted during her life, and which became the source of innumerable misfortunes. Don Pedro's attachment was returned with sincere affection by his new mistress; and thus, his heart being exclusively engrossed, from the very first interview, with her charms, he treated the princess of France with evident indifference. Their nuptials were, nevertheless, celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony which such an occasion seemed to demand. Don Pedro beheld

(1) See Note (A) at the end of the Volume.

with coldness the beauty of the queen, and every one entertained gloomy anticipations of the future. These forebodings were, alas! but too soon verified.

Scarcely had the king separated from the unfortunate Blanche, before he gave himself up to his scandalous amours without the least restraint. From this neglect of the queen, the turbulent and ambitious grandees borrowed a pretext for rising in open rebellion. The king had rendered himself obnoxious to them by the severe impartiality of his decrees. Don Alonzo Alburquerque, and the bastard brother, retired to Badajoz, and proceeded to offer the kingdom of Castile to the Infant of Portugal. This treason, however, did not produce the desired effect; for having early come to the knowledge of Don Pedro, he took vigorous measures effectually to prevent its accomplishment. The king seized upon the castles of Alburquerque, with those of other rebels, and ordered Don Juan de Hinestrosa to bring the unfortunate Blanche, the

ostensible pretext of the rebellion, a prisoner to the *alcazar** of Toledo. The inhabitants of this city warmly espoused the cause of the queen; and Don Pedro was further exasperated at this new proof of resistance to his power.

The insurrection was gaining ground with rapid strides, when the conspirators received a severe blow from the sudden death of their principal Alburquerque, who was reported to have perished by poison. But this occurrence did not dishearten them. Every day some fresh fact came to light, which shewed the immense power and resources they were gradually acquiring. Don Pedro saw his will opposed on every side. This goaded him to fury, and the consequence was a series of executions, which, though to him they appeared only the award of strict justice, were yet looked upon as cruel murders. Perhaps, in most of these deaths, form was the only requisite

* Fortress, castle, royal residence.

to render them just in the eyes of the impartial observer; but the king often dispensed with that necessary appendage of law.

At this time he suspected the sincerity of his brother, Don Fadrique, master of the order of Santiago, and inflicted upon him a cruel death.(2) This crime, the most unjustifiable, perhaps, of all the king's acts, was the harbinger of fresh disasters; the factious noblemen daily acquired additional strength and numbers—the cries of the malcontents against Doña Maria grew more insolent and unrestrained—the king was inflamed with rage. Opposition to his command served only to increase his revengeful propensity; confiscation, secret deaths, feuds, and bloodshed, distracted the land.

At this crisis the death of Queen Blanche tended to precipitate the grand explosion. It was rumoured about, that she had been poisoned by order of Don Pedro, though there were many different accounts concerning the manner of her death.(3) This event, however,

occurring at that time, promoted the views of the faction; the minds of the people were excited by pity and horror, and the rebels eagerly availed themselves of this favourable opportunity of forwarding their designs.

It was now that Don Enrique de Trastamara conceived the bold project of seizing on the crown of Castile; he had ample resources for embarking in this daring enterprise, he could command the powerful assistance of the disaffected grandees and clergy, whose good favour he had gained, and who further expected to reap an abundant harvest in the contest that was about to take place. They now threw off the mask which they had until this crisis thought it prudent to wear; they no longer acted under the pretence of wishing to redress the wrongs of the queen, and free the king from the pernicious influence of evil counsellors, and they boldly resolved to hurl Don Pedro from his throne.

Don Enrique applied to France for further assistance to support his claims, and France was

by no means disinclined to favour his pretensions. That country was overrun with bodies of numerous adventurers, the scum of the nation, which it was conceived a masterly stroke of policy to get rid of, and send over to Spain.(4) There was, moreover, a prodigious number of knights adventurers, who were willing to find themselves occupation. An immense body of men now poured into Spain, all greedy for the spoil. Among this multitude were conspicuous several distinguished knights and warriors—none more deservedly so than the renowned Bertrand Duglesclin, on whom the command of this heterogeneous mass devolved.

It had been at first announced that John of Bourbon would conduct the army in person, eager to revenge the death of his sister Blanche. This intention was not carried into effect; but Don Enrique was nevertheless solemnly crowned at Calahorra, as *legitimate* sovereign of Castile, under the plea of Don Pedro's crimes, and his holiness, Urban the Fifth's

donation of the crown. Every day men flocked to his standard, and he soon found himself at the head of a formidable army. He now resolved to fall upon Burgos, where the king then was with a very slender party. Don Pedro was compelled to retreat to Seville; the disaffection of his subjects alarmingly increased; Don Enrique advanced triumphantly in his course, and at length Don Pedro was compelled either to abandon his kingdom, or fall into the hands of his hated brother and his most inveterate enemies. It is at this important crisis that the following narrative commences.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEPARATION.

Questo è il timor, che dal pensier mi toglie
Col suo rigido gelo ogni diletto.—METASTASIO.

—— There's such sweet pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy arms,
And look away my life into thy eyes.—OTWAY.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.
SHAKSPEARE.

IN a garden on the banks of the Guadalquiver, appeared two figures, seated upon the edge of a fountain, and almost concealed amid the rich and luxuriant foliage, with which they were surrounded. They seemed to retain nothing of humanity but the form; for they

spoke not, they moved not, apparently so absorbed in thought, as almost to become identified with the mournful tranquillity that reigned around. Amidst the uncertain shadows, that now stole across the scene, they might almost have been mistaken for two of the classical statues which adorned the place.

The night was far advanced, and all was hushed, save when the sullen plunge of an oar broke upon the ear, or the hoarse voice of a fisherman was heard at intervals, beguiling the tedious hours, by chaunting some wonderous story, or some fearful legend. The moon, whose beams fell broad and refulgent upon the river, soon sent her more chastened rays through the thick and clustering shrubs which adorned the garden, revealing more clearly to view those two silent beings, who had now advanced from their concealment. One appeared to be a youthful and elegant female, and her companion, by whom she was supported, a young man of courtly and gallant demeanour, but whose noble

bearing seemed strangely at variance with the poverty of his garb. This induced the belief that he must be some distinguished person in disguise.

"Then here we must part," he said, turning to his fair companion, whose expressive features betrayed her emotion; "once more, my Costanza, fare you well! Nay, droop not thus; we shall meet again."

She looked mournfully in his face, a smile played upon her lips, but she could not speak what she felt; a silent tear upon her cheek was the only answer she could make to the soothing accents of her lover.

"Shame on that tear, Costanza," resumed her companion, in a tone of kind reproval: "the daughter of Don Egas should not evince a weakness so little worthy of herself and him. You were once, I remember, praised for your courageous spirit and resolution."

"I did not *love*, then," she answered with a sigh.

"Nay, but we have already parted once before," said the Castilian, catching her emotion, and repeating her sigh.

"Not under the same circumstances, my Ferran. Oh, no! think not so lightly of my fortitude. It is not only the danger that encompasses you, which thus fills my heart with anxiety, though it be not our first farewell: when you before departed from my side, it was to go to the field of glory. I beheld in you, one of the gallant band that marched fearlessly to crush rebellion. You then only risked the fate of a warrior going to battle; and the dreadful image of death was not so appalling to my imagination;—but now—"

"Now, may I not expect the reward of fidelity wedded to misfortune?" interrupted the Castilian. "And think you, Costanza, my end will be less honourable, if, instead of falling in the field, I chance to meet death upon a scaffold? No, no; it is not the spot on which a sufferer meets his doom, that entails dishonour upon his

name: it is the cause that brought him thither; and by that must his name abide."

"Alas, that we should live to see these changes!" exclaimed Costanza, in a tone of piercing grief; "that I should ever have beheld Ferran de Castro, one of the first cavaliers of Castile, compelled to leave his country as an exile—a proscribed wanderer, to depend for safety and protection on the generosity of strangers."

"Deplore not my fate," said Ferran; "I do not so much deserve your compassion, when we remember that our king is my companion in misfortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed Costanza bitterly, "name not the king—who but he has been the cause of his country's desolation?—what but the cruelties and repeated crimes of Don Pedro?"

"Hold, Costanza," interposed Castro, with a more serious air; "those words become thee not!—whatever be the faults of Don Pedro, they can never justify the base conspiracies, the open

rebellion of an unnatural brother. He is a traitor and an usurper, who, to forward his own criminal views, joins in a vile league with the enemies of his country. Encouraging disorder and revolt amongst the disaffected nobility and factious churchmen, he plunges his country without remorse into the horrors of civil war, and hurls his lawful sovereign from the throne; such a man is Enrique de Trastamara!"

As he uttered these words his whole frame shook violently; he firmly grasped the hand of Costanza, and for a moment his agitation denied him the power of utterance; but gradually the cloud vanished from his brow, and his countenance regained its wonted composure.

"Forgive, Costanza, this sudden ebullition of my feelings; I can never command my temper when the subject is introduced. I love my king from principle, and deeply do I deplore his errors; but I feel assured that he has been goaded to commit those excesses with which he is charged, by repeated machinations and plots

hourly contrived against his person. But enough of this—we shall yet return triumphantly to quell the usurper's pride, in spite of his French allies and his ambitious friends."

Constanza answered not, but shook her head despondingly.

"Nay," resumed Ferran, "add not to the bitter pangs of separation, the more dreaded anticipations of despair."

"Alas!" said Costanza, "on what foundation do you build your hopes?"

"On the firmest," replied the Castilian, "since Trastamara has set us the example, in seeking the aid of foreigners. Strong in the justice of our cause, we shall repair to the camp of the first warrior of the age—the most gallant knight in Christendom—he will not refuse us his assistance, and our triumph will then be certain, for victory never yet forsook the banners of Edward the Black Prince, the pride of England."

"No, Costanza," he then added, in a more

subdued tone, " I should be sorry to despair, were I to view the prospect of our future fortunes more dreary than it is. I should scorn on that account to resign myself to the suggestions of fear, or the vain indulgence of regret; and yet I grieve to leave thee—for, alas! my fears are only for Costanza."

" For me!" echoed Costanza; " surely you do not think so meanly of Trastamara as to suppose that he would wreak his vengeance on a woman, because she loved his gallant enemy!"

" No," replied Castro, " my apprehensions are founded on a very different cause. Bad as the usurper is, I do not believe him capable of so mean a revenge; but say, can I enjoy rest, when I reflect that in the confidant of Trastamara you will behold Don Alvar de Lara, your discarded suitor, my sworn foe and rival? My fears are not groundless, when I consider the power which he will possess: no! spite of my confidence in your affections, I cannot feel tranquil. Don Alvar was your destined husband,

and my bosom friend, until this difference in our political sentiments separated us for ever. His hatred to me, alas! is founded on too many reasons not to be dreaded by us both."

"Oh, Ferran!" cried Costanza emphatically, "do not afflict me with these ungenerous surmises: whatever may be the power of Don Alvar, you ought to be satisfied with the religious constancy of my vows—my faith is pledged to you, and no sacrifice shall be deemed too great to keep it inviolable. The power of Don Alvar, even urged to its most fearful extremity, can command only my life—but not my love."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by an unexpected occurrence. They perceived the figure of a man, stealing slowly along the garden, with all the cautiousness of one desirous of avoiding observation. He was of dark and repulsive appearance, and the object of his intrusion might be easily surmised. Crime alone could have directed the steps of such a being towards that spot at

the dead of night. Costanza clung fearfully to her lover; nor were her apprehensions a little increased, when she perceived the stranger advancing towards them, with a quickened pace. Her emotion redoubled, while the Castilian, more anxious on her account than on his own, strove to soothe her fears by an assumption of indifference, which but ill accorded with his feelings. He conjectured that the ruffian before them was one of the many wretches who prowle about in search of him, in order to conciliate by his capture, the favour of the usurper Don Enrique.

"Costanza," said Ferran, re-assuring his fair companion, "tremble not—I am here."

"Alas!" she answered, mournfully, "it is on that account I feel this terror. Oh! my friend—begone—save yourself—he comes—perhaps he is the forerunner of many more."

"Let them come," resolutely replied D Castro; "the time for return is past—I will fly."

He stood undauntedly, and grasping firmly his sword, awaited the approach of his supposed enemy; meantime the person advanced, regardless of the weapon that shone in the hand of the Castilian, till within a few paces of the spot where he stood.

"Stand!" cried Ferran; "who art thou? unfold thy purpose, or by the king! thou liest a corpse."

The figure halted—yet it gave no sign of fear; it raised its arm, and made a motion as if inviting Don Ferran to sheath his weapon.

"No," continued the cavalier, "not until I know who thou art, and what brings thee hither."

"I am a friend," replied the stranger, in a sullen tone.

"Thy name?"

"Like yours, is proscribed."

"Explain thyself—I disclaim fellowship with thee—thy name, I say!"

"Rufino!" he replied, in a low but impressive voice. Don Ferran started with surprise.

"Yes!" he proceeded, "I am that gloomy Rufino, who, in times past, experienced some marks of your regard. I come now to repay your generosity, and lead you from danger,—a thousand snares are laid for you;—but enough—this is no time for explanation—follow me."

"I cannot—I will not—until you explain the mystery of your conduct. What! dost thou tremble?"

"No, no;" said Rufino, earnestly, "you wrong me. Trust me—though my appearance alarms you, and well it may."

His agitation increased. Ferran looked intently on the man, who, in earnest supplication, again conjured him to follow. The moon, which had been partially obscured, now shone full upon them, and by her light was seen the agitated and terrific countenance of Rufino. A fearful expression shot from his eyes—he strove

to look calm, but the exertion baffled his skill. A scream of terror burst from Costanza.

"Oh! horror, horror!" she cried, clinging to Ferran.—"Look!" she exclaimed, with redoubled agitation—"look! there's blood on him!"

Rufino shrunk back in alarm. The Castilian placed the point of his sword to the miscreant's breast.

"Wretch!" he said, "thy terror, and that crimson token bespeak thy crime!—confess, or look upon thy death."

"Sooner or later," returned Rufino, with a bitter smile, "that must be my reward; but not from the hand of Don Ferran de Castro: least of all, when I come to save him. The time flies, and again I conjure you to follow, as you value the safety of——"

"Whom?" demanded Castro in impatience.

"The king!—the satellites, the blood-hounds of Trastamara are closing upon him, and here you linger, Don Ferran—here you stand upon

a mine, ready to be sprung. Yonder castle of your intended father is suspected; stay not one moment longer; for remember that the safety of the king is strongly connected with your own."

"Rufino," cried the cavalier, earnestly apostrophising the man—"Rufino, begone! Your misfortunes I have pitied—your revenge I must condemn; nay, attempt not to deceive me—conviction is stamped on your features, in your every movement."

"Deceive you!" re-echoed Rufino. "No, Don Ferran, I will not deceive you; your surmises are just—I am, indeed—" He stopped, and his strong frame shook, large drops of perspiration gathered on his dark brow; he passed his hand across his face in a mood of resolute despair.

"I am, indeed!"—he repeated with a fearful laugh.

"What!" exclaimed De Castro—"speak."

"Anon," calmly and sullenly replied Rufino,

"anon you will learn the fearful cause of my present agitation. Time speeds: again I invite you to seize the only chance of safety—follow me."

He pronounced these last words in a tone of decision, an energy of manner that betokened at once the sincerity of his wish, and the imminency of the danger.

"Adieu, Costanza," said Ferran, folding the trembling beauty in his arms.

"And is HE to be your companion?" she inquired in alarm.

"Fear nothing, he cannot harm me; despite of his ruffian appearance and gloomy temper, he is more the man of passion than of crime."

Costanza sighed deeply, but yet she did not urge her lover's stay. The Castilian, disengaging himself from her arms, at length tore himself from the side of his betrothed, bade her a hasty adieu, and with his gloomy companion, who had stood impatiently awaiting him, and was already moving forwards, hastened from the spot.

The disconsolate Costanza watched his departure with all the anxiety of an afflicted and impassioned heart. She stood rooted to the ground, gazing intently in the direction which Don Ferran had taken. The sky was overcast, but the moon still threw a partial light, sufficient to distinguish the two figures as they passed along. Fainter and fainter they appeared, till at length she lost them in the gloom. Once more she sees their lengthened shadows flitting across the garden wall;—and then they vanish from her sight. Long after they were gone, Costanza remained upon the spot, cheerless and alone; she was a prey to a thousand anxieties that swelled her bosom, and yet she could not leave the place; some invisible charm seemed to sway her feelings. Before her lay the classic waters of the Guadalquiver in soft repose, and a thousand boats were scattered motionless upon its broad and majestic bosom. Every thing was hushed around, excepting where the white sail of a skiff might be

seen, darting rapidly across the water, on some secret adventure, or the heavy flapping of the wings of some nocturnal bird might be heard pursuing its solitary way.

Costanza fixed her large tearful eyes on the mournful objects around; every thing reposed—but, alas! the peaceful repose of nature was to her but a picture of death-like tranquillity. Her soul at intervals was confused and absent, and when some passing noise startled her from her bitter thoughts, she shuddered to find herself, at that hour, alone and unprotected. Yet what could she fear within sight of her father's mansion? It was that awful conviction of future and undefined danger which will, at times, suddenly burst upon the abstracted mind, when labouring under mental pain, and render it unconscious of surrounding objects.

Costanza at length turned from the spot, and entering the mansion by a private gate, she sought on her once calm couch that repose which her mind was in no state to enjoy.

CHAPTER III.

PORTRAITS.

" Let noble deeds and noble aims
To distant ages consecrate our names,
That when these tenements of crumbling clay
Are dropt to dust away,
Some worthy monument may still declare
To future times 'we were.' "

H. MORE.

DON FERRAN DE CASTRO was a man of strong passions and decided character:—an impression once made upon his mind, neither time nor circumstances could obliterate. Fidelity in him partook, perhaps, as much of instinct as of principle; it was a part of his nature, the essence of his being, and no difficulty nor danger could

make him deviate from the path he had once resolved to pursue. This elevation of sentiment had in it something of the ancient Roman spirit, though divested of that ferocity which sometimes sullied the actions of Roman heroes. Firm in mind, and unbending in his purpose, he had nevertheless all the kindness of a noble and generous disposition, and severe were the trials to which he stood exposed, when the more gentle feelings of his nature pleaded in opposition to the sterner dictates of his duty.

In the external appearance of the Castilian there was nothing, at the first glance, indicative of the superior spirit that dwelt within. Yet an acute observer might discern an elevated character in the intellectual cast of his forehead, and the quick and intense expression of his eye. He was of middle stature, active and vigorous, though elegantly and somewhat slightly formed. His head was nobly and even classically shaped, with a countenance unusually expressive and pale, while the general cast of his features was

decidedly melancholy. The profusion of his raven hair, and his dark piercing eyes, acquired additional interest from the contrast with his complexion.

Such was the man who had inspired the beautiful and dazzling Costanza de Vargas with an intense and matured passion; a passion not the less absorbing, because it was founded on admiration of character, rather than on that electric feeling of first love, which some are disposed to honour with the name of sympathy—an irresistible contagion caught through the eyes, and fatal to single hearts. Nor was Costanza beloved with less tenderness and devotion: indeed, the qualities of her generous soul, as well as the charms of her person, fully merited the choice and admiration even of Don Ferran de Castro. A kindred spirit seemed to attract and animate them: the same elevation of sentiments, the same generosity of disposition, were observable in both. Costanza possessed great firmness and decision of character, and her

features beautifully displayed the sentiments she cherished in her breast. Yet lòve had somewhat tempered and subdued her once proud spirit. She had heard the clash of arms, and seen the constant succession of suffering and crime that afflicted her country. She had been taught to behold even the image of death undaunted and undismayed; but now the happiness of her life was linked to the safety of one individual, conspicuous from his sentiments and station, and consequently exposed to a thousand dangers. She trembled for his safety: for well she knew that he had rendered himself obnoxious to the triumphant party of Trastamara, by his faithful adherence to the fortunes of the fallen monarch.

But she had, likewise, another reason for alarm, even more calculated to excite her fearful apprehensions. She was conscious that her conduct to her kinsman, Don Alvar de Lara, was not entirely free from blame. An early marriage had been projected between her and

that cavalier, by their respective families. At that time Costanza had no reason to oppose the wishes of her friends. If her heart beat not high with transport at the thought of an union with her future lord, still the rank and brilliant qualities of Don Alvar made him a suitor far from unwelcome to one whose affections were then free. She was in some measure alive to his merit and personal attractions; and she admitted his addresses, if not with some feeling of satisfaction, at least without reluctance.

A few months had thus elapsed, when Don Ferran first became acquainted with the intended bride. From their frequent intercourse, the admiration which had originated in mutual esteem for qualities and virtues that were congenial to both, was soon changed into a deep and lasting affection. The Castros and the Laras were at that time separated by the hostility of political party. Don Alvar was a strenuous advocate for Don Enrique, and felt indignant at the alleged cruelties of the king. He formed

one of that faction composed of the nobles and clergy, who were incessantly and actively plotting to hurl Don Pedro from the throne, and place the crown on the head of his illegitimate brother.

In the mean time, Don Egas, Costanza's father, a wily courtier, and a cautious man, had constantly adhered to the king, and his sentiments exactly corresponding with those of De Castro, paved the way to the success of the Castilian's suit.

Don Egas, therefore, utterly forgetting the sacred obligation under which he lay towards Don Alvar, was solely intent upon promoting the views of Don Ferran. One day, in a fit of loyalty, he swore by the honour of his arms, a religious vow with Don Egas, that no enemy to the king should espouse his daughter. How Don Alvar received this information it is no difficult matter to surmise; but his passion for Costanza impelling him at the moment, he forgot every other consideration, and boldly

resolved to exact the fulfilment of the engagement. Pride, however, soon regained its ascendancy over his indignant feelings. He considered that Costanza was honoured with his choice, and that any step taken on his side towards a conciliatory understanding, much less an acquiescence in his rejection, would be derogatory to the dignity of his house. He accordingly replied to Don Egas, taxing him with his want of faith, and swearing that he would never release him from his engagement, until another more worthy than the minion of a tyrant should be preferred in his place. The boldness of the reply astounded Don Egas, and for some time he was uncertain as to what was the most prudent course to pursue. The character of Don Alvar, and his earnest and reiterated threats of revenge, created some uneasiness; but happily for his daughter and her lover, the doubts and fears of Don Egas were counteracted by the unfavourable aspect which Trastamara's party then presented.

Don Pedro had detected another conspiracy, and some scores of heads were in consequence unceremoniously separated from their bodies. The loyalty of Don Egas acquired additional warmth by this effective process, and he no longer thought of opposing the addresses of the Castilian. The threats of Don Alvar were forgotten, while the favour which his rival possessed with the king was fortunately kept in view; and certainly, with so many cogent and unanswerable reasons, it would have been a discredit to the judgment of Don Egas, had he adopted any other line of conduct. Thus the breach between the two houses was irretrievably widened, and engendered sentiments and feelings of no amiable nature. Don Alvar burnt with rage and indignation, for he considered himself as suffering under the most unwarrantable ill usage. He could not brook Don Ferran for a rival, much less willingly suffer him to become the fortunate possessor of the hand and heart of Costanza.

Castro and Don Alvar had in their boyhood been on terms of the closest friendship. Equality of age and rank, and the brilliant qualities by which they were both distinguished, naturally wrought in their generous bosoms sentiments of mutual regard, which circumstances afterwards unfortunately converted into rivalry and aversion. They were both ardent in the pursuit of glory and renown, both enthusiastically bent on high reputation for noble deeds and achievements (such as the reigning spirit of chivalry excited in their minds), and nature had gifted both with an equal degree of courage and resolution.

Notwithstanding the perfect similarity that seemed to prevail in the character and disposition of the two cavaliers, a most material difference existed in the motives and impulses by which they were governed. Don Alvar looked for glory in adventitious circumstances. Don Ferran proudly sought it within himself. Thus Don Alvar had joined the party of Trastamara,

in the expectation of forwarding his ambitious schemes, and exhibiting the courage and brilliant qualities with which he was so eminently endowed; on the other hand, Don Ferran re mained true to his king.

With him, glory was identified with loyalty and fidelity; and he considered the display of a high and noble enthusiasm, in such a cause, as far more honourable than the fame which he might acquire by the aid of fortune or the applause of his superiors. Ferran was independent by principle and inclination; and whilst Don Alvar flattered himself, that by following the fortunes of one who ostensibly ranked as the liberator of his country, he was acting the more noble part, De Castro, convinced of the justice of the cause he served, proudly reflected that the disinterested services ascribed to Don Alvar might with greater justice be claimed by himself.

Don Alvar regarded his endowments as the means of acquiring dazzling reputation, whereas

the Castilian directed his abilities only to honourable success. The two cavaliers were both subject to strong passions. They were both capable of being wrought up to a wild ebullition of feeling; but in Don Alvar, the explosion was attended with more melancholy results; for, like the bursting of the volcano, even when passed, it left behind it deep traces of its irruption; whereas the fiercest fire of Don Ferran resembled the dazzling blaze of those northern lights which glow for a moment, but in the next expire, and leave behind no traces of desolation in their path.

Such were the two illustrious leaders, friends in youth, but enemies in manhood; and their hostility was considerably heightened by their unfortunate rivalry in love. Costanza felt sensible of this, and reflected with dismay on the uncertainty of her situation. The vicissitude of fortune had thrown power into the hands of the man whom she had, in some measure, wronged; whilst he who possessed her affections

was a fugitive, encompassed with innumerable dangers, and doomed perhaps never to return, or witness again the fond solicitude that had lately marked his departure.

But however harrowing these thoughts, much additional uneasiness sprung from the reflections they created. It was not only the loss of Don Ferran, that his afflicted mistress was compelled to deplore; alas, no! there was another distressing consideration—one most repugnant to the delicate breast of a betrothed woman—that of being exposed to a renewal of importunities from her discarded lover. Don Alvar had loved her passionately, and in the buoyancy of spirit to which good fortune and success generally give rise in the young and generous, he would perhaps forget the wrongs he had received, and solicit a renewal of her regard. The connexion being once re-established, the consequences were easily to be foreseen. Don Alvar would sue again; and Don Egas, by the mutability of human affairs, might

feel the warmth of his loyalty somewhat cooled by fresh changes in the political atmosphere.

Still Don Egas was proud; and with proper excitement to keep alive that powerful feeling, he would surely be ashamed to follow a course directly opposite to his former sentiments. These passing thoughts somewhat re-assured the drooping spirits of Costanza; but they were like flashes of lightning in a stormy night, that serve only to illumine the benighted wanderer for a moment, and then augment the increasing gloom. In this fluctuation of hope and fear, the unhappy Costanza lay restless on her couch: she could not sleep; nor was she, perhaps, anxious for repose, which might be purchased at the expense of dreams, more horrible than the thoughts that now banished slumber from her eyes. Thus she anxiously awaited the dawn of that day, which, alas! was destined to bring no tidings, but of a painful nature.

CHAPTER IV.

A FUGITIVE KING.

"He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer;
And earns a name in story."
SHAKSPEARE.

"A crown, whate'er we give, is worth the cost."
DRYDEN.

THE night had closed in, as the Castilian and his gloomy companion passed along their cautious way. No sound was heard, and only the straggling parties that sometimes crossed their path, awoke a momentary sensation of alarm. Rufino led the way to a solitary place by the banks of the Guadalquiver, where he suddenly halted, and turning to Don Ferran:—

"We must part," he said in a low voice; "follow the course of the river, and you will soon discern the humble shed of a fisherman, where he who was but lately master of Castile, now a proscribed wanderer, awaits your arrival. Your protracted absence had obliged the king to remove to a more sequestered and concealed spot; and now," he added, turning, with a melancholy expression, to the cavalier, "farewell, Señor; and may Heaven direct your course!"

"Yet stay, Rufino," said Ferran; "I cannot suffer you to depart without an explanation of this mystery. Whence the horror stamped upon your features?—whence those crimson stains which defile your hands and dress?"

Rufino started as if from a dream—a ghastly smile curled his lip—an unearthly fire shot from his dark eye; he stood mute for a moment, and then, in a low but impressive tone—

"I am a murderer!" he cried;—"ay, a murderer!"

The Castilian involuntarily recoiled.

"Murderer!" rejoined Rufino, with superadded emotion, "for murder they will call what was an act of dire but strictest justice. When the law is not sufficient to right an injured man, what shall prevent him seeking his own redress?—and yet, I know not why, I tremble!—I was not born to imbrue my hands in blood!—I am a poor craftsman, but no ruffian. I was driven to the act by revolting injustice; yet I fear, strangely fear—I know not what!"

As he said this, he evinced marks of deep-felt emotion; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "I did not say I was a murderer! did I?—Enough, enough; it is past remedy!—time speeds!—remember our royal master awaits you—begone, and may Santiago and our blessed Lady preserve you both for better days!"

"Rufino! stay," said Don Ferran, earnestly. "Some mistaken impulse, originating in your enthusiastic character, has driven you to the commission of crime; this I cannot palliate, but repentance may wash it away. Thy heart, I

know, is not perverse; I must deplore its error more than its wickedness, yet thy life is now placed in double jeopardy from this circumstance, and thy well-known attachment to me; thy fidelity I have long admired, and he who possesses that virtue, cannot be wholly lost in the mind of Ferran de Castro: come, follow my fortunes."

The zapatero* gazed on the speaker in astonishment, and at first could find no words to express his emotion. Those dark and gloomy features seemed brightened by a sudden flash; he was deeply moved, even to tears,—and that rugged hand formed a fearful contrast between the testimony of crime that stained it, and the drops of genuine feeling it was about to dash away.

"No, no, most noble master," he said, "I humbly thank you, but cannot accept your kindness: the law, perchance, will soon put an end to my wretched existence; but till then, I, although a branded assassin, shall not forsake

* Anglice—A shoemaker.

those little wretches who have no support in the world, but through my exertions. I am a father!" he added, in a thrilling tone of energetic despair; "begone, Señor! the time will come when we shall meet again!" saying this he knelt and fervently kissed the hand of De Castro, then suddenly springing upon his feet, he turned, and in a few seconds was lost to the sight of the astonished cavalier.

The Castilian now hastened towards the spot, where, according to Rufino's instructions, the king was awaiting him. In a few minutes he descried the fisherman's shed, and upon approaching the place, he was startled by a sharp shrill whistling. He advanced cautiously: his anxiety, however, was soon dissipated, for he met none but friends; two men were patroling before the little entrance of the humble dwelling, which they immediately allowed him to enter upon recognising his person. Ferran was not a little amazed at the picture which now presented itself. He found

Don Pedro sitting on a wooden bench, and very tranquilly eating some fried fish, which a tall muscular girl, a complete *gitana*,* was assiduously preparing for his royal appetite. No expression of sadness, or dejection, was discernible on his brow, but a sense of dignity and pride seemed to uphold his spirits, even in his present reduced state. His handsome features appeared calm, but ill assorted with the stormy passions that raged within his breast. Still there was nothing feigned in the appetite and recklessness with which he swallowed the humble fare set before him. Around the hut stood the old fisherman and his sons, watching every movement of their royal master. They were armed, as was the king, who kept his sword drawn by his side. This, together with two or three different weapons that hung round his girdle, and the coarse dress in which he was attired, gave the appearance of a mountain

* *Gitana*—a gipsey.

bandit to him, who but a few days before had been the sovereign of Castile.

Indeed, the place where the caprice of fortune as well as his own errors had compelled him now to seek refuge, corresponded well with his present personal appearance. It was a slight, low, miserable hovel, illumined by the glimmer of a single *candil*,* and rendered doubly untenantable by the thousand apertures through which the wind made the most unceremonious entrance. The whole of the furniture consisted of the solitary little table and stool, both occupied by the king, and a crazy bench by the fire. The fire too, from the peculiar construction of the chimney, had the advantage of dispersing its own smoke for the benefit of the guests, not a single whiff being squandered away in the air above; all which, together with the strong smell of oil, that proceeded from the iron *sarten*,† so cleverly handled by the fisherman's daughter, contributed

* A sort of iron lamp. † A frying-pan.

to give no agreeable impressions to Ferran de Castro, as he entered the obscure and miserable tenement.

Upon his arrival, Don Pedro turning with rather a stern and distant manner :—

" Beshrew thy heart for a loiterer, Ferran," he cried ; " methought thou too had'st played me false."

" My liege," proudly returned the Castilian, " a thought so derogatory to my well proved fidelity, could not be harboured by your highness."

" Thou art a full hour later than it was agreed upon," retorted the king ; " and for the knight of fidelity, assuredly such neglect is not in good keeping with his character ; but I will save you the trouble of framing excuses. I pardon you for this time, in consideration of its being one of the fair sex to whom you have been devoting your time : you are in love, Sir, and report speaks highly of your mistress; you need therefore say no more, for Don Pedro, amongst

the many follies and crimes laid to his charge, was never accused of being a knight recreant,—of want of gallantry to the ladies. And now, my faithful knight, will you partake of my dainty supper? Come, Sir Knight, for by San Fernando, this fish is good enough for a king; and I am sure his highness of Trastamara himself would find it deserving of his delicate and royal palate, however *illegitimate* his taste on other points may be."

He delivered these words with a painful effort at gaiety; then fixing his expressive eyes on the earthen plate, he muttered with an energetic but low voice, "The bastard!"—a revulsion of feeling contracted his brow, and dashing his clenched fist fiercely against the table, with a burst of anticipated triumph and revenge, he wildly exclaimed—

"But my day will come, so Heaven keep him in life only a few months longer!"

The dark damsel who was bringing a fresh supply of the homely fare, alarmed at the

sudden exclamation of the king, and at the violence of his manner, stood still in visible consternation, which being observed by Don Pedro, he suddenly relaxed into a subdued tone, and repeated, "Yes! my day will come; but in the meantime let us have some more fish."

"Eh, my good Morena," he then added, taking the plate from the girl, and looking her in the face, "thou art such a clever hand at frying fish, that a post in the kitchen of the *Alcazar** would not be undeservedly conferred upon thee: my faithful knight, does not this tempt you to eat a morsel?"

"I humbly thank you, my liege, but I must decline your invitation."

"What! hast thou lost thy appetite, as well as thy mistress? that is a double calamity, in sooth: eh, Sir! think not so much of her, and a little more of thyself; be of good cheer, take example by me: if we compare losses, mine will be found the heaviest. Supposing you have lost

* The royal residence at Seville.

a mistress, a fine and virtuous woman may be met with elsewhere; but where," he exclaimed with impressive eagerness, "where shall I find such a kingdom as Castile?"

"But, Señor, you do not consider it lost;" observed Ferran.

"Lost!" re-echoed Don Pedro, "by San Fernando, no! Could the conviction that it were irrevocably lost be impressed upon my mind, thinkest thou Don Pedro de Castile would tamely submit to fly before the cursed usurper? No! I live and reserve myself to abide my time:—ay!" he continued, fiercely raising his voice, "Castile shall see me again; and woe to those rebels, woe! Cruel they have called me, and cruel shall they find me!"

He said, and cast a terrible look around, apparently delighted with some passing idea, which brought before his fancy the horrid but expected time of retribution. His eyes glistened, his lip curled with a haughty smile, and

all his features reflected the dire feelings which at moments raged in his bosom.

The spectators stood aghast, and Ferran de Castro felt a pang of sorrow at the scene. He sighed deeply at witnessing this new proof of the ferocious and vindictive spirit of the king, and bitterly did he grieve to find that such lessons of adversity were utterly lost upon him. His temper was soured, not subdued, by those misfortunes of which his own intemperate measures had been the principal cause. Instead of profiting by this salutary reverse to curb his ferocity, or conduct his government upon a more conciliatory plan, he only looked forward to the time when fortune might enable him to give free vent to the rancorous passion that agitated him. Don Ferran loved the king, whose faults were nevertheless so glaring, that even those most enthusiastically devoted to his person were obliged to acknowledge them. Yet he strove on all occasions to remove the unfavour-

able impression, which his sallies of temper and imprudence might cause. Even amongst his adherents, many, disgusted with the wanton cruelty of Don Pedro, and despairing of his amendment, had gradually abandoned him; for there were few who, like the true Castilian, Ferran de Castro, were endowed with that strong sense of loyalty and duty, which made him still faithful, despite of the many provocations which might have tempted a man of less noble character to withdraw from one, who rewarded so ill the services of his most devoted followers.

On the present occasion, the Castilian, as usual, endeavoured to divert the king's attention from the unpleasant subject of his fierce and revengeful temper. He took one of the wooden bowls that lay upon the table, and filled it to the brim with the sour wine, then raising it on high, he exclaimed:—

"A health to our lawful sovereign, Don Pedro, King of Castile; so may Heaven protect

the just cause, and help us to recover his usurped crown and kingdom!"

"Amen!" responded the family of the fisherman, with a sincere accord.

"Thank you, my good friends," cried the king, aroused from his gloomy thoughts by this timely diversion, and somewhat moved at the interest shewn by his faithful knight and the poor illiterate tenants of the hovel.

"Eh! Señor de Castro," cried the old fisherman, with much emotion, "*Jesu Christo y Santiago* will not abandon us. Alack! my days are gone, but the time was, when I carried arms for Don Alphonso, (turning to Don Pedro) your magnanimous father, against the Moors of Granada, and then—"

One of the bystanders pulled the speaker back, as though afraid his freedom might offend the king, and one of the scouts at the door came in, to announce the approach of the *galera*.* Don Pedro then rose, and every one prepared to depart.

* Galley.

"The night is far advanced, or rather we are on the point of day," said the king; "let us haste and see if our cousin of Portugal will receive an exiled prince in his dominions." He then added, "Fare ye well, my friends; be sure I shall not forget my last supper in Spain, nor the *Morena* who prepared it;" saying this, he patted the girl proudly on the cheek, and quitted the hut, followed by his two or three last attendants. They left the old fisherman at the entrance, invoking all the blessings of Heaven and its saints on the head of the fugitive king.

Thus they proceeded in silence to the banks of the river, where the fisherman's son and two of his comrades were preparing the boat that was to carry Don Pedro to the *galera*. Don Ferran briskly leaped into the skiff, and tendered his hand to his royal master, who was about to follow him, when the attention of every one was attracted by a loud shrill cry,

that burst suddenly upon their ears: the king turned and started.

"There, there he is again!" exclaimed Don Pedro; "that accursed *platero*,* that everlasting Jew, who persecutes me with his mad prophecies and omens!"

The eyes of all were directed towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded; a figure was dimly perceived, at some distance, standing upon an eminence, and, by the obscure light which the moon afforded, it appeared to be that of an old man. His thin, white locks streamed on the air, whilst his hands were stretched out, as though engaged in some earnest imprecation. He was miserably clad, and from the wildness of his manner, and the deep groans he uttered, it could be perceived that he was the victim of some heavy sorrow, which had caused the wreck of his reason.

"Oh! thou cruel king!" he cried in a

* Silversmith.

thrilling tone; "woe to thee! Again am I come to blast thy path! You go; but the curse of the childless father follows thee! Inseparable shall ye be! Twice again thou shalt behold me—twice again! when the measure of thine iniquity will be full, and thy earthly career closed for ever!"

Every one was thunderstruck at the boldness of the apostrophe; and the fisherman, drawing a dirk from his girdle, would have silenced the prophet; but the king prevented him, and calmly observed—

"Let the crazy fool depart in peace; 'tis the best way of shewing the value I set upon his prophecies; the old dotard may rave unmolested, for the eagle feeds not on carrion!—Bear on!"

"In evil hour those words escaped thee," returned the old man: "an eagle's flight will cause thy fall!—ay! the eagle of Bretagne!—Beware the eagle!—beware the *torre de la Estrella!**—look to that tower!"

* The star-tower.

"Thanks, great *sabidor!*"* said Don Pedro, in derision; "many thanks for the salutary admonition."

"Ay, ay! revile and mock, proud king! but the day will come, and the children of Castile will rejoice in thy ruin! Remember, we shall meet again!" he said, and suddenly disappeared.

"Poor devil!" said the king; "'tis well, however, that he's gone, for I was growing tired of his mummeries;—when the jest is protracted, it loses its relish. Now, Señores, that same unbelieving Jew has been playing these tricks before, and he would fain have persuaded me that he was blest or curst with the prophet's gift. By all that is marvellous, I marvel where the Israelite bought his inspiration; methought his day was past."

"He is surely the silversmith of Carmona," said the Castilian.

"The same cur," quoth the king; "he in-

* A sage—soothsayer.

curred the penalty of death, the avaricious Samaritan! His son, a young lad, offered to suffer for his father. That justice should not be defrauded of her victim, and willing to oblige the Jew, I consented, and the son, as you all know, was hanged. Hereupon the father grows outrageous, leaves his trade, and commences prophecy. Now, by San Fernando, it would be pleasant should a king be exposed to such visitations every time he chastised an unruly subject."

"It is evident the man is bereaved of his senses," observed one.

"Nay, Sir," replied Don Pedro; "his predictions indicate more of knave than fool; he threatens with the eagle of Bretagne, and the *torre de la Estrella*; and, in sooth, he shews no lack of shrewdness thereby, for according to the wise sybils of other times, there's a tradition and prophecy that connect the ruin of Don Pedro, surnamed by courtesy, *El Cruel*, with

those mysterious signs—an eagle, a tower, and a star."

By this time they had reached the *galera* which contained the two young daughters of the king, and three or four faithful adherents. With this meagre retinue the ex-sovereign of Castile departed, and silently glided down the most famous river of the kingdom he had lost.

The dawn now began faintly to glimmer, and distant objects became visible, though still somewhat shrouded in the grey mists of morning. Nothing in nature can surpass in effect an extensive view from the Guadalquiver, at the gentle hour that precedes the appearance of the splendours of a southern sun. You see the far rising mountains and scattered villages, gay villas, and towering castles, all rendered more imposing in the misty and majestic shadows, expand to view in that soft and awful stillness, yet a-kin to night. Gradually the veil is lifted by the approaching glow of day, and, in an

instant, those objects hitherto but imperfectly beheld, begin to display a thousand variegated hues, the dawning promise of the splendour and gaiety that will soon gladden the earth.

The fields are sparkling, the shrubs loaded with dewy fragrance, whilst the surrounding towers and quiet villages, with all the wild and diversified landscape, open full upon the sight:—swiftly the galley skims along the limpid waters, while those whom it bears along gaze with melancholy and fond regret on the well-known objects that adorn the banks of the far-famed river.

Not a word was spoken, for every heart was replete with those associations which invariably attend a long farewell to scenes of past grandeur and delight. One after the other in quick succession, the gay smiling villages that crown the banks of the Guadalquiver, were left behind—a few moments more and they were lost to sight—another villa—a sumptuous garden appears—the galley still advances, the prospect enlarges

—one moment is allowed to scan its beauties, and then it is lost again to the view. Thus many of the seats, many a proud castle of the grandees and *ricos-homes*, passed in swift succession before Don Pedro and his companions.

With folded arms the king gazed at the moving picture. He was struck with the appearance of a castle rising in stern grandeur on a projecting cliff; it was crowned with various turrets, on which several banners and trophies streamed to the wind, amongst which that of Don Enrique de Trastamara floated the most conspicuous.

"Look, Ferran," said the king, with visible vexation, pointing to the castle; "that is the proud mansion of Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala, one of the favourites of the usurper:—a curse on my head, but this castle shall be razed with the ground—this same Ayala is a most turbulent rebel—a restless spirit. By the honour of my lost crown, but I count not a more inveterate

enemy in all Castile; yet, withal, he is a valiant cavalier."

"And a learned scholar besides," observed the Castilian.

"Ay! very learned—God save the mark!" said the king, in derision, "and good fruits shall come forth from his wisdom. I hear that he is writing the history of these times; now, from the good-will the scribe bears our person, there is no doubt but posterity will learn how to appreciate us." (5)

"My liege prince," returned Ferran, "his chronicles mayhap will never see the light; and thus the evil impression which his partiality might produce, will be averted."

"That will be according to circumstances," replied Don Pedro. "Wait for the end of the drama, and he that survives the catastrophe will of course be accounted in the right. Should Don Enrique (which Heaven forefend!) carry his point, you will find how piously this same Ayala

will revile my memory—how impartially descant upon my crimes—and how blithely he will laud the virtues of a vile usurper, for the edification of posterity! Aye! by San Fernando, the odds will be against me; for it is no trifling sin in a sovereign to set himself against the abuses of the great: no light matter to stand the brunt of ambitious noblemen, corrupted courtiers, and factious priests. But, so Heaven and my trusty sword help me, and they shall find *El Justiciero*(*) no easy conquest, and Señor de Ayala would do well to be quick at his work; for he may chance to lose his life before he finishes his labour." He then added, with a bitter smile, "Oh, that he were within my reach! I would indite a few notes of illustration upon his head, with a steel bodkin!"

"The country around seems very quiet," observed Don Ferran, desirous of diverting the king's thoughts from this distressing theme.

* The executor of justice.

"The rabble's hour is not yet come," replied the king; "they suppose me secure and quiet at the Alcazar."

Swiftly the galley was seen speeding on her course, and in the mean time let us retrace ours to the castle of Don Egas de Vargas, where the sorrowing Costanza sat weeping for the departure of her betrothed lord.

CHAPTER V.

PERILS AND SURPRISE.

"Base, mongrel souls! flesh 'em but once with fortune,
And they will worry royalty to death."

LEE.

"Friendships that now in death are hushed,
And young affection's broken chain;
And hopes that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory live again."

WILSON.

COSTANZA arose feverish and unrefreshed from her unquiet couch, and her ears were first greeted by confused and unwelcome sounds. It was the noisy mirth and ribaldry of an advanced party of soldiers now approaching the castle in their way from Toledo to Seville. Costanza

was summoned to her father's presence. She hastened to the hall, and there she found the old cavalier walking with an irregular step, and evincing signs of utter consternation. It was some time before he became conscious of his child's presence.

"Good morrow, Sir," said Costanza.

"Eh! Bless you, child, a fine day we are likely to see; didst thou hear those shouts? We shall soon have a visit from a party of unruly ruffians, as ever waylaid poor night rambler in the loneliest street of Seville: however, soldiers they must be called, since they serve the king."

"The king! Don Egas," cried Costanza, "I should rather suppose they belong to Don Enrique—"

"Well, child, that's what I mean; Trastamara is our king *now*. By Santiago, a fine predicament we have been brought into by that hot-headed Don Ferran de Castro—"

"You amaze me, Sir," cried Costanza; "you surely do not mean—"

"Mean, what!" interrupted Don Egas impatiently, "are you going to favour me with a lecture upon my opinions? I am always for the constituted authority—always for the reigning king. I have my predilections, certainly; but what of that? I must learn to curb them, when all-powerful necessity clashes with my wishes."

Costanza did not attempt to reply, for she knew that when once wrought up to a certain degree of excitement, her father would proceed in a most oratorical mood.

"What are all human virtues without prudence?" continued Don Egas; "Prudence! ay, that's precisely what the ex-king wanted. God knows, I am always for justice; and according to justice, Don Pedro has lost the crown by his irregularities and crimes. Now I flatter myself, Don Enrique de Trastamara will cautiously avoid the

rock against which his predecessor so lately split."

An increasing clamour put a stop to the edifying discourse of the accommodating Don Egas. He looked perplexed, for he knew that with all his boasted prudence, he had rendered himself obnoxious to Trastamara, by his undisguised sentiments in favour of Don Pedro.

Besides, he was not at all assured that the unruly ruffians would have the prudence and liberality to appreciate his sudden conversion, with his tardy acknowledgment of the vices of Don Pedro, and the virtues of his rival. This error in calculation has always proved fatal to those otherwise discreet worthies, whom Heaven has blessed with exemplary conformity of opinions. The uneasiness of Don Egas became increased by the sudden appearance of a tall, gaunt, severe looking man, who acted in the triple capacity of major-domo, warder to the castle, and counsellor to its lord.

This personage evinced as much emotion as

was possible, in a countenance whose features bore a strange rigidity of expression; for a morose settled taciturnity, a mental growl, had from time immemorial been the unvarying characteristic of that most grave physiognomy.

"Well, Pimiento, what is the matter?" inquired Don Egas: "what means that emotion?"

"Señor Don Egas," replied Pimiento, "is it your honor's desire that the castle should be put in a state of defence? for if so, in the name of San Fernando, and all the heavenly powers, there is no time to be squandered away—the enemies advance."

"Pimiento, thou art crazed!" quoth the master. "Why even supposing it were at all adviseable to make a defence, it is now too late; the castle is utterly destitute of the means of resistance."

"Not if God and the heavenly host be on our side," gravely returned Pimiento. "We certainly are not well provided, and the garrison is rather scanty, but—"

"The garrison! Pimiento *maldito de Dios!*"* ejaculated Don Egas, "thou art past all remedy. I see this comes of that visionary character of thine. Always dreaming of warlike and chivalrous achievements has driven thee mad!"

"Alack!" cried wofully the martial Pimiento, "the ancient spirit of the Vargas is upon the wane—it was not thus the high-souled Don Vasco would have met my wise counsels and encouragement;—the remembrance of the Cid—"

"There again!" cried Don Egas, "of what earthly service can the Cid be in protecting us against a detachment of the adverse, I mean of the victorious party?—what men have I capable of bearing arms? Why! the number of the inmates of the castle does not at present amount to more than ten persons, counting in these an old deaf woman, a paralytic gardener, one idiot, and the chaplain. Now go, Pimiento, and, instead of fighting these cavaliers, endeavour to

* Accursed of God.

gain their good graces before they summon the garrison."

"Cavaliers! a pretty compliment!" growled Pimiento; and saying this, he turned with a very stately air to depart, when his intention was arrested by the arrival of one of the vassals of Don Egas.

"There they are!" he cried, with an expression of mingled anger and alarm; "there they are, two score villains or so."

"*Dios nos defienda!*"* ejaculated Pimiento, which pious ejaculation was responded by the sound of a volley of oaths from the turbulent soldiers, who were seeking the kitchen and cellars of the castle, previous to paying their devoirs to its lord and master.

"*Jesus Maria!*" said Pardillo, the new comer, wringing his hands in fear; upon which the valorous Pimiento, casting a fierce look of scorn on the trembler—

"Avaunt! thou coward!" he cried: "there

* Heaven protect us.

ye shake and quiver as if the world were lost—that such a thing should have the appearance of a man—*verguenza!* oh, shame!"

"Señor Pimiento," returned Pardillo, "all that is grand enough; but have you seen their faces?—murder is written there! Ay, murder and plunder! Jesus, Jesus! Beelzebub sure holds his court here to-day!"

"But what makes them so clamorous?" demanded Don Egas.

"Why, Señor, simply this: they insisted upon seeing you, to murder you; but, as I hope for mercy, I bethought myself of an expedient to thwart their horrid design."

"Pardillo, you rave; surely they cannot have such a foul act in contemplation!"

"They have, Señor; but they are baffled by my stratagem, for I have sworn—it is a false oath, certainly, but it can be no sin, seeing that so much good is to come of it—"

"And what have you sworn?"

"That your honour is dead, and buried in the family vault;—so provided you lie concealed, all is well."

"Never! I conceal myself!—never!" cried Don Egas, proudly.

"Never!" repeated Pimiento, with redoubled emphasis.

"*El cielo me valga*, exclaimed the affrighted Pardillo; "but consider, my good Señor, they will kill me for the innocent story I passed upon them. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I warrant me we are going to have a precious scene—I feel the murderous points of their weapons all over my body!"

Costanza was now sensibly alive to the peril of their situation; the castle had been deserted by most of its inhabitants, upon the first news of Trastamara's approach, and Don Egas could never be persuaded to desert his mansion, and retire into Seville. Pride linked him to the abode of his ancestors, and he relied, perhaps, upon his dexterity for conciliating the opposite

party. The castle, however, was now in the power of brutal and disorderly soldiery, rendered doubly formidable by the insolence of triumph and intoxication, for they were indulging in most liberal potations. In this extremity Costanza besought her parent not unnecessarily to discover himself. Pardillo manœuvred a retreat, and Pimiento, with dignified and measured steps, sallied out boldly to meet the disorderly crew, who were making free with all that came within their reach.

The anxiety and suspense of Costanza were of short duration; an increased and turbulent noise intimated the resolution of the marauders to search the castle for treasure, and presently three or four came reeling into the hall, in the last stage of intoxication, swearing and singing in a state of frenzy.

"Ah! by the glory of Don Enrique," cried one of the wretches, "there's a beauty! and who is that old dotard? Holla! Señor, so that vile traitor, Don Egas, is dead?"

"Don Egas is no vile traitor!" cried firmly Don Egas, his pride rising superior to his sense of danger.

"*Pecador!* thou sinner!" returned the soldier; "how call you then the staunch friend of *Don Pedro el Cruel*, and his minion Don Ferran de Castro?"

"Sirs," interposed Costanza, "I pray you respect this cavalier: you may command every thing in the castle, but let us in return experience that good conduct which we have reason to expect from honourable soldiers."

"Ay! honourable soldiers—that we are, past all doubt, for we serve the glorious Don Enrique. With regard to our commanding what the castle affords, fear not, lady, we shall do ample justice to the good cheer; but, as it so happens that you are the richest jewel we have yet found, what if I were to wish for a salute from those tempting lips?"

Costanza retreated, but could not prevent the insult, for the miscreant had rushed forward and

rudely snatched the favour as he spoke. The old father beheld this affront with indignation, and unable to restrain his anger, he fiercely drew his weapon, and flew upon the ruffian.

"Villain!" he cried, "learn to respect the unsullied honour of the Vargas!" he made two quick and furious thrusts, the second of which proved effectual, and laid the soldier bleeding on the ground. His companions, inflamed by revenge and inebriation, drew their weapons, and simultaneously attacked the brave but feeble old cavalier. Don Egas supported himself against a wall, and gallantly strove to keep his three enemies at bay, but the achievement was beyond his powers.

The fray could not be long protracted, and with horror and dismay Costanza beheld the imminent danger of her venerable parent:—she could not stand a passive spectator of the fearful scene. At the moment Don Egas was sinking beneath their murderous swords, she threw her-

self between the ruffians and their prey, and by the heroic action received a wound which stretched her on the ground. Even the hardened miscreants themselves were staggered at this base deed, and drew back for a moment, as though uncertain how to proceed. Meanwhile the noise of weapons drew the other soldiers to the spot, and, at the same time, a reinforcement arrived to the aid of Don Egas and his heroic daughter. It was Pimiento, bearing a long rusty rapier, and followed by two or three servants, armed as well as they could at so short a notice. Despite, however, of the courage of Don Egas and his supporters, they afforded an easy conquest to the military ruffians, who soon succeeded in mastering their gallant foes. Don Egas was overcome, his beautiful daughter lay bleeding by his side, the gallant Pimiento, who, to keep up the mettle of his two men, was calling fervently on the protection of the Cid, Santiago, and all the hosts

of heaven, had his rapier shivered to pieces, and the others were bound by the soldiery, who now held a consultation over the prisoners.

"We must dispatch them!" cried one. "No mercy can be shewn to that old dog. Sure enough, he must be the traitor Don Egas himself, who lately died!"

"It has been fine springing weather of late; and I suppose it must have brought him up again," added another.

"I am Don Egas," firmly and nobly replied the old cavalier. "Up I am, and have never yet been down. Give me a sword, and one at a time, I am your man."

"No more need be said about it," returned the soldier. "You must die! you must die again!"

"Bravo, Señor; and shame to you!" cried Pimiento, with warmth. "Do ye call yourselves soldiers! Truly a fine military spirit have ye shewn, to attack an old man and his family, ye vile wretches! Where learnt you the

profession of arms? Was it thus that the gallant followers of the Cid demeaned themselves after victory? or could such a base spirit ever have animated the warriors who conquered Seville, under the great San Fernando;—or who fought at the famous *Navas de Tolosa*, under the chivalrous Alfonso Octavo?"(6)

"Peace, old dotard!" interrupted one, who appeared to be the leader; "peace! what has San Fernando, or the Cid, or the King Alfonso, or the *Navas de Tolosa*, to do with a band of vile enemies to the King Don Enrique?"

"I marvel," observed another—"the brawler has not studied how to play the preacher. Now, comrades, I vote to send these good folks to join the Cid and King Alfonso, as expeditiously as possible."

Saying this they proceeded to bind the other prisoners, who now looked upon their doom as inevitable; nevertheless, they seemed ready to meet it with becoming dignity. A few moments had elapsed in awful preparations, when

suddenly Pardillo came in, shouting as if he had lost his senses, "I have found a deliverer—God be praised!"

He had scarcely said this, when a gallant looking cavalier in complete armour entered the hall.

"What means this disorder?" sternly said the stranger, addressing himself to the leader of the party.

"Nothing, your honour, only that these traitors have been abusing most unceremoniously the King Don Enrique, and resisting his officers, and so we were only going to deal with them according to their deserts."

"Villain," said the knight, "it is not for such as thee to deal with nobles!—unbind the cavalier and his family." The ruffian sullenly obeyed.

"Don Egas," he continued, in a friendly tone, "fear nothing: no one shall offer you insult whilst under my protection."

"Heavens!" cried Don Egas, "is it possible! Don Alvar de Lara!"

"Yes!" replied De Lara, gravely. "Alvar, your kinsman, and once your beloved friend, happily comes in time to save you and yours from dishonour and death. But," he added, smiling bitterly, "we should be enemies. Ah! Don Egas, you have used me hardly, and uncourteously; but, thank God, I can serve you, though you little know the pangs you have made me suffer."

Don Egas spoke not, whilst Costanza, in an agony of pain, fixing her expressive eyes on the speaker,

"Ah, Señor Don Alvar," she said, "this is no time for reproach. Alas! we are too low already, and it becomes not the spirit of a generous knight to recal past wrongs, when he has the power of exerting retribution and revenge."

"Revenge! No, no!" returned Don Alvar, "no, Costanza, let me not forget the esteem with which you once honoured my humble de-

serts. Pardon the imprudence of my speech, and look on Don Alvar as your friend. I will not deceive either you or your illustrious sire. Rage, pride, and revenge have long been rankling in this bosom. My better feelings were scarcely able to cope with those hateful emotions. I longed for a day of retribution, and Heaven has granted my prayer. I come—I meet you in peril;—let me take the only revenge of which my soul is capable—call me friend and kinsman. You are in the list of the proscribed. Yet Don Enrique, at my intercession, will not suffer the least injury to befal your persons or property."

"*Dios me valga!* cried the stately Pimiento. "What crime has my noble master committed to need this intercession?"

"Hold, Pimiento," gently said his master; "you know not what you say."

"By the sword of the Cid, and the holy apostles, I know full well what I say. Is it, forsooth, in the spirit of noble enemies to plunder, or punish those who oppose them in lawful strife!

Ah! Señores, look at Bernardo del Carpio, look at Martin Pelaez — they never thought of punishing foes because they had done their duty. Again, Sir, I want to know what crime my master has committed?"

Don Alvar was amazed no less at this speech than at the personage who addressed him. He looked at the thin, quaint figure who stood before him, with sour, pale, melancholy visage, and a gloomy wildness of eye, which seemed to bespeak a certain derangement of intellect, were it not contradicted by the stern and uniform expression of his countenance.

"My friend," replied Don Alvar, smiling, "I cannot too highly applaud that zeal and energy. Heaven defend us! but one would think we have some illustrious knight concealed under the disguise of a warder. As to thy question, I must not deny an answer—thy master certainly has committed no other crime than that of belonging to the defeated party, but that is not so trifling an offence, I can assure

you. But I crave your forgiveness for having made use of the unlucky word, which has occasioned this burst of chivalric eloquence. Don Egas," he then added, "let me speak of your merits to the king, and the time will come when experience will teach you to serve Don Enrique as well as you have him who lately disgraced the throne."

He then advanced towards Costanza, and taking her hand, proceeded—

"Costanza, you cannot hate me!" as he said this, he gazed intently in her face, and alas! it was a picture to call forth a thousand tender feelings from a generous man, even if he had not been impressed with the associations of an old but not extinguished passion. Don Alvar felt all his tenderness return, and the last spark of his resentment died away when he looked upon his Costanza. She was not, as he was wont to see her in former times, dazzling with ornaments, beaming with the smiles of power and

fortune—not the admired and envied star of the surrounding circle; but rescued from the grasp of a desperate crew—pale and faint—her hair dishevelled—her garments torn and stained with blood, and her beautiful arm, hanging useless at her side, from the effects of the wound she had received in protecting her father from the weapon of a miscreant.

Don Alvar was moved—deeply moved: the soft pleadings of pity awakened in his bosom all his former fondness, and he dared to imprint a kiss on the cold hand he held within his own. Costanza was not offended; deeper thoughts occupied her mind, yet she felt in that mark of respect and esteem the precursor of many hours of sorrow.

"Don Egas," said Alvar, "necessity compels me to quit you sooner than my inclination would permit. At present I must speed to Seville, to prepare for the triumphant entry of Don Enrique who is immediately expected.

Before I depart, however, let me entreat a renewal of our old friendship—let me hear that the proffer of my services is not despised!"

"Señor Don Alvar de Lara," answered Don Egas, "you honour me too much. I cannot but acquiesce with pleasure in your wishes—we owe to you life and honour, and shall ever entertain a due sense of the obligation you have conferred."

Don Alvar remained a few moments in the castle to refresh himself; then having secured the promoters of the excesses committed in the castle, and having left a party of his own guards for the protection of Don Egas, he took his leave of the old cavalier and his beautiful daughter. Don Egas was rejoiced at the happy turn which their affairs were likely to take. Indeed, all the inmates of the castle seemed gratified—all, save two—the stern, morose Pimiento, and the disconsolate Costanza. Pimiento could not reconcile what he had seen with the

events of his youth, and the traditions he had heard of the heroic times of the Cid, and the famous Bernardo del Carpio; and Costanza had perhaps, but too just foundation for anxiety and sorrow. She now considered herself bound by a most sacred obligation, to one by whom she would less than any other in the world have chosen to be obliged. He had preserved her life—her honour: he might expect a reward—one she could never grant: the solemn vow was registered on high: she had bestowed her heart irrevocably, and she was determined to maintain her faith inviolate to the last. Yet the dreaded renewal of acquaintance with her former lover had been realized, even sooner than she thought it possible; and a host of gloomy reflections harrassed her mind. She foresaw the trials she should soon be called upon to sustain; but yet she did not despair. That noble courage which had lately dared the naked weapon, and taught her to look upon death with indifference, did not

now desert her. She summoned all the energies of her soul, and all the power of her frame, to struggle with the difficulties that she so justly anticipated were nigh at hand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RIOT.

"The scum
That rises upmost when a nation boils."
DRYDEN.

"Then when the people which had thereabout
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They 'gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civil faction."
SPENSER.

THE arrival of messengers from Toledo, and the tidings that Don Enrique and Bertrand du Guesclin, accompanied by the victorious army, were fast approaching towards Seville, moved the worthy people of this ancient city to consider it high time to signalize their spirit and zeal. Hitherto the inhabitants, or rather the

rabble, that most unmanageable and most dangerous of tools, had been restrained from expressing their joy in public, either by the consideration that Don Pedro was as yet at the Alcazar, or that his military adherents had not withdrawn themselves; but a certainty of the flight of the old king and of the approach of the new one, now called into action the mettle of the turbulent.

For some days previous to this intelligence, a sullen repose pervaded the city of Seville, indicating the tempest, gathering in silence, and which was now about to burst over the place. A handful of drunkards in the *barrio de triana*,* who had been preparing themselves by adequate draughts of bad wine and strong liquors, sallied from their place of entertainment in wild confusion, shouting aloud: "Viva Don Enrique! Down, down with Don Pedro!" seasoned with sundry objurations to the saints, and a double quota of oaths. The party in-

* A suburban part of Seville.

creased amazingly in its course; every street, every turn they took in their riotous progress, added zealous partizans to their troop, so that scarcely an hour had elapsed before it became a formidable body.

As all bodies of men, whether military, civil, or tumultuous, must have a leader to direct their motions, the present army was of course provided with a chief, suitable in every respect to the character, and corresponding most sincerely with the views of the champions he conducted. He was a strong, square built man, blind of one eye, and of a most ferocious aspect; his arms were brawny and bare, and his filthy attire was stained with the sanguinary marks of his trade. He brandished aloft a terrible *tajo*, or cleaver, which had been his companion at the shambles. This formidable personage was exceedingly outrageous in his denunciations on the fallen king, and his blessings on Don Enrique. Every one looked up to him with unfeigned awe, and followed his directions with a sort of natural instinct of

implicit obedience in the work of mischief. Yet this champion had signalized himself with the same zeal in other disturbances, although their origin was precisely of a contrary nature to the present. Such a trifling anomaly, however, was passed over, in consideration of the amazing talents displayed by the butcher for conducting so momentous an enterprise. And now the formidable assemblage advanced, striking dismay into the hearts of the timid and peaceable citizens. Here were seen industrious tradesmen and humble artizans, with looks of ominous import, shutting their shops in all haste, and looking behind at every moment, as if afraid they should be too late in their precautionary measures. There, old duennas were hurrying home from the cathedral, or the confessional, carrying their huge rosaries, which seemed to tremble at once with fervour and alarm. Then again, some light-footed beauty, *incognita*, who had left her grated window on some gallant expedition, was tripping along closely concealed

by the *manto*,* and followed with much difficulty by an ancient *escudero* for her chaperon.

Indeed, all those who had something to lose or nothing to gain, all those pusillanimous citizens who took no delight in disorder, intoxication, and barbarity, were seen flying to their dwellings in evident perturbation and terror. Thus in a few moments the city was left clear for the malcontents to begin their operations. The tumult grew apace; the party of *El Tuerto** was soon joined by several others, and formed at various points of the city. The din and uproar became prodigious, and every thing proclaimed the commencement of riot and confusion. In a few moments, men and women, old and young, were swept away in the promiscuous throng, filling the air with wild vociferations and astounding shrieks. The repeated vollies of *vivas* intermingled with oaths, the boisterous sounds, sharp whistles, with the

* The old Spanish veil, reaching to the knee.

† Blind of one eye.

beating of drums, the huzzaing, the pushing and the thronging, gave to the whole scene an appearance of demoniac revels, rather than an assemblage of human beings.

El Tuerto and his myrmidons at length reached the *Alameda*,* and there for some time held a consultation on the plan they were to adopt. Of course they were pretty unanimous upon the question of plunder and house-breaking, and the only difficulty that arose was, where they should commence their career. Whilst they debated, another corps, headed by a sturdy vagabond without hat or shoes, covered with rags and tatters, obstructed the passage of a street near the *Macarena*.(7) This mob appeared to be animated with a different motive, for they were besieging a small miserable looking house, crumbling to pieces, decked with the sign of a painted shoe, which was hanging out of one of the loop-holes, which served as windows.

* The promenade.

"Down with the sacrilegious rascal and his house!" cried some.

"*Por san Crispin*, we will flea him alive!" shrieked others.

"Burn the Jew—for sure he can be no Christian who murdered *un sacerdote*,"* squeaked out an old hag.

"No, no burning, we must all have a blow at him," observed a pale, thin, sickly fellow, with a long visage, and whose leather apron bespoke him a brother of the strap. "Eh! neighbours, who ever saw a more rascally proud upstart, than that same assassin Rufino? I always said he could be no good man, Heaven bless me! to give himself such airs; and after all he was only like me a *zapatero*.† Oh, the rascal! I am as good a man as he; aye, better, any day in the year; yet the murderous dog despised me! yes, he called me *remendon*!‡ *remendon*, forsooth! down with the traitor and his hated house!"

* A priest. † A shoemaker. ‡ A botcher.

"Oh! he was a sad dog!" exclaimed a sturdy beggar, with a stentorian voice; "so meddling! it was through him I was shut up in prison these three months; and see the state to which I was reduced!"

But he endeavoured in vain to excite commiseration by the poverty of his appearance, which but ill agreed with his well-fed carcase.

"*Animo!*"* shouted another, who had contrived to split an aperture in the door.

"*Jesus Maria!* murder a priest,—such a sweet, handsome priest, too!" ejaculated the pious hag. "Burn him alive, I say! I hate cruelty."

"Call me *remendon!*" retorted the cobbler. "Down with the house, and burn every thing in the shop!"

The fastenings soon gave way before their repeated and vigorous attacks. The mob rushed into the house like so many hounds upon their prey; but it was too late—the bird had

* Courage.

flown, and, what was more vexatious, he had left nothing worth taking away.

This circumstance necessarily augmented the phrenzy of the invaders, who began forthwith to vent their rage on the scanty and humble furniture, demolishing every thing they met, in the fury of disappointed revenge. Whilst this miserable rabble was engaged with the chastisement of the Zapatero Rufino, another corps, better directed in its movements, was more profitably employed in pillaging the rich mansions of those who had been known as devoted partisans of the fugitive king. This body of marauders was exceedingly numerous; for, besides the greater part, to whom plunder was the chief attraction, assisted by those turbulent spirits who engage with no other motive than a natural instinct for disorder, there was an immense number who acted upon the hope of picking up something in the confusion.

Unluckily, this division of foragers came in contact with another in the narrow and tor-

tuous place called the *siete rebueltas*,* who were engaged in the same laudable and patriotic cause. The narrowness and intricacy of this spot rendered the progressive movements of the two bodies extremely inconvenient to each other; in consequence, a few practical jokes passed amongst the opposite worthies, which were, perhaps, rendered more pointed by a strong feeling of rivalship, which might be supposed to exist between them.

This, however, gave rise to a misunderstanding, which terminated in a regular battle. Many were the provocations and blows given, and sundry the foolish heads and limbs that were broken—it was, in sooth, what may properly be called a popular *mêlée*.

Soon the confusion was so great, that every one fought on his own account, and troubled himself but little in distinguishing foe from friend. A tall, sinewy man, with enormous

* The slum—a sort of street labyrinth at Seville.

whiskers, a crooked nose, and an ugly scar across his forehead—a really ferocious-looking desperado, was the most conspicuous among the combatants. His lips were firmly compressed, and his eyes completely closed: in both hands he brandished a long pole, and in this martial manner, with a most surprising activity and impartiality, he dealt on all sides the favours of his formidable weapon, none of which were thrown away.

Meantime several had fallen, and were trodden under foot. These, animated with a true and indomitable spirit, amused themselves with biting and tripping up the legs and feet of the more upright belligerents. The affray was thus for some time continued, enlivened at intervals by the most discordant yells, cries of women fainting, and men stabbed, bit, or in other ways wounded.

One champion particularly distinguished himself by his clamour: he did not fight much, but

the power of his voice was displayed to the uttermost, with shouts of "*Viva Enrique!*" and "*Muera el cruel!*" Long live King Henry! and let the cruel tyrant die! His portentous mouth was armed with long, white, projecting teeth, which might have shamed the jaws of an alligator. It unfortunately happened, however, that, whilst he was so zealously roaring for the honour of king Enrique, the other champion, who fought *in tenebris*, very mal-apropos let fall his long pole with such success, that the masticatory apparatus of the brawler was in an instant demolished, and his enthusiastic cries for the king were superseded by still louder lamentations for himself.

Thus the battle proceeded until the strength of the belligerents was exhausted; and gradually their fury died away. Two or three remained lifeless on the field of strife; some scores of heads were fractured, as many limbs broken, and an immense number of slight wounds, and minor injuries inflicted. The

place was strewed with torn and bloody garments, broken sticks, and rusty knives, old shoes, hats, the fragments of bottles, and many other articles, dyed in blood, and defiled in dust. These remained as the spoils of the action. Meantime the better organized division of *El Tuerto* had assembled at the *Alameda*, and the *Tuerto* himself was reeling against one of those two ancient columns of Hercules,(8) deliberating how to reconcile the differences of the motley assemblage, amongst whom a terrible diversity of opinion prevailed: some opined it would be advisable to go to the *Atarazanas*,(9) taking the *Torre del oro* in their way, and dispatching its Alcayde as an acknowledged friend of Don Pedro. This motion was on the point of being carried, when another proposed to march to the Alcazar, the polluted mansion of the tyrant, and destroy every object that might recal his oppression. This proposition was greeted with cheers, and immediately

carried into execution. The rabble directed their steps towards the Alcazar, and in their progress levied contributions on all those unfortunate ambulatory venders of merchandize, who having no shop or stall, were obliged to carry their goods about, exposed to the mercy of the mob.

At length they reached the palace—"Behold the temple of iniquity!" cried one.

"Jesus!" said another, "let us demolish every vestige that may record the existence of the infamous Maria de Padilla."

They forced the entrance *de Monteria*, crossed the spacious court, and burst into furious invectives at the sight of the arms of Castile, surmounted by inscriptions of the King Don Pedro, which they speedily demolished. The Alcazar had been entirely deserted by the followers of the king, and most of the entrances were strongly fastened; they, however, presented but a feeble resistance to the fury of the unruly crowd, which now dispersed itself in

various directions, throughout the stately building. Some rushed through the long gallery of the hundred marble columns, and entering the saloon *del principe*, vented their rage on the quaint and gorgeous *arabesques*, and ingenious stuccos that decorated the cornices; endeavouring at the same time, to disfigure the beautiful jasper columns which Don Pedro had brought from Valentia, after his victory over the King of Arragon. Dreadful shouts ran throughout the different splendid apartments as the infuriated multitude forced its way, seeking the rich treasures which it was reported Don Pedro had accumulated. In every stage of their search, their rage was heightened by disappointment, and they tore and defiled the rich tapestry which hung around, with the superb skins of lions and tigers, presented to Don Pedro by a Moorish king. Another detachment had penetrated by the *Puerta de las banderas*,* beside which, supported by two columns, and elevated

* The entrance of flags.

upon marble steps, was placed the seat from which Don Pedro used to issue his decrees of justice. At the sight of this tribunal, a yell of rage burst from the mob.

"There is the place from which so many innocent men have been condemned," cried some; and in a short time, this most offensive object was levelled with the ground.

They next rushed through *El jardin delas Damas*,* at the end of which were the celebrated baths of Doña Maria Padilla—nothing could exceed the beauty and elegance of this scene of delight; the baths were manufactured of the purest alabaster, surrounded and enriched by the most costly ornaments. Innumerable exotics and delicious flowers grew beside them, forming a thousand fantastic figures, and loading the air with their delicate perfume, whilst the thick foliage of the orange and citron, which were planted around, intercepted the rays of the sun, and cast their odoriferous blossoms on the cool

* The Garden of the Ladies.

and limpid waters in which they were reflected. The jets of singing fountains, the marble statues, and cool shady recesses of the garden, contributed with every luxury to form a paradise of the spot. It was in this beautiful retreat that the bewitching and beloved mistress of Don Pedro was wont to seek refuge from the sultriness of a meridian sun, in the fervid clime of Andalusia—and it was likewise to this spot that the rage of the invaders was principally directed. They tore the plants and flowers, and defaced the costly decorations of the place, doing every thing that wanton ignorance and barbarity could suggest to testify their abhorrence for the memory of one who, happily for her, was beyond the reach of brutality and vengeance, for she had been long since mouldering in the tomb.

In was a pity to behold those enchanting ornaments trampled under foot by these rude intruders, not one of whom had reason to complain of the king; for it was not against the lower classes that Don Pedro had aimed his

shafts or exercised his vengeance. They searched in vain, however, for the royal treasure, and after many fruitless endeavours, the multitude came pouring out from the Alcazar, every one carrying some article of value as the spoils of the expedition.

A great shout now rent the air, and forthwith two figures representing Don Pedro and his dead mistress Doña Maria, were carried in mock ceremonial to the front of the cathedral.

Soon a scaffold was erected, and the figures being placed thereon, a heap of dry wood and other combustibles were prepared: the torch was then applied, and the raging flames rose aloft, which, being seconded by a gust of wind, soon involved the figures in a sea of fire! By the reflection of the flames might be perceived a thousand ferocious and filthy visages, rendered doubly disgusting by the smoky glare and the distortion of passion which agitated them—altogether presenting a fearful picture of hate and degradation.

Some hags there were with long shrivelled arms pointing in derision to the unconscious figures, whilst they poured forth their execrations with as much vivid eagerness, as though Doña Maria were really there, and could hear this testimony of their hatred.

This ceremony being concluded, *El Tuerto* felt irresolute whether they should enter into the cathedral and give thanks for the victories of Don Enrique. But the piety of the assembly was deferred; it being intimated, that their devotion might be more freely indulged, when their labours were brought to a happy termination.

Acting upon this recommendation, therefore, a visitation of the obnoxious houses was resolved upon, as well as a more vigilant search after the king's treasure. *El Tuerto* cast a ferocious look at the Alcazar, then at the fire, which was now subsiding, and, as if illumined by its rays, a thought suddenly struck him, that it would be highly meritorious to burn down the temple

of iniquity. This resolution was immediately approved; and as expedition is the soul of every undertaking, two or three of the most active snatched firebrands and hastened to put it in execution.

Thus the master work—that result of the talents and industry of many men—would have been destroyed in a moment, by the suggestion of a single miscreant, when happily one of the crowd, not quite so barbarous, chanced to observe, "Stop, friends! if we destroy the Alcazar, where shall we lodge the glorious Don Enrique?"

This appeal immediately checked the incendiary movements; and the rabble, as easily induced to break a resolution as to form one, forbore from this last act of violence. With yells and shouts, therefore, they proceeded to rob and plunder, still led by the magnanimous *El Tuerto*, to the *Torre del Oro*, where they suspected the treasure to have been concealed.

The Alcayde, Don Juan Gonzalez, was summoned to surrender; but he answered the

summons with contempt. The assailants grew outrageous, and after three hours' desperate siege, the tower was forced, and the Alcayde hurled from its summit, after having desperately defended himself against the ruffians to the last. Don Juan fell with tremendous violence: he was soon stripped, and his mangled and bleeding corpse ignominiously thrown into the Guadalquiver. Despite of this, the treasure could not be found, when, lo! to the dismay and disappointment of the expectants, a large galley, taken by another commanded by Micer Gil Bocanegra, arrived in the river, and moored near the *Torre del Oro*.(10)

Upon inquiry it was found that this same galley contained the long sought treasure which Don Martin Yañez had been endeavouring to convey into Portugal, but had been baffled by his own delay, as well as the expedition of the ships of Micer Bocanegra.

This being made known, faces became prodigiously lengthened, but as there was no remedy

and time was precious, *El Tuerto* and his devastating army hurried to the *Plaza de San Francisco*, where, as a last resource, they commenced their depredation upon the shops. Seville presented a fearful aspect: the streets were totally deserted by every one who had not joined the multitude. Now and then, a head was cautiously protruded from some window aloft, or some words were exchanged between two trembling neighbours from their doors; but upon the first symptoms of the enemy's approach, every window as well as every mouth was closed. Evening had now began to close, and the rioters, not quite satisfied with the labours of the day, seemed determined to continue their operations, favoured by the darkness of night.

The disorder became more terrific, and many a private vengeance, many a fearful act was accomplished under the cloak of public commotion. Fires were made in several places, round which drunken ruffians and disorderly women danced in all the frantic glee of intoxi-

cation and barbarity. A horrid combination of jarring sounds kept awake those of the inhabitants whom fear and alarm might not otherwise have prevented from sleeping. *El Tuerto* coming to the corner *Del Candilejo*, where a bust of King Don Pedro was niched in commemoration of that act of justice rendered on himself, he very heroically began pelting it with mud and offal, though placed there as a memento of the king's justice. (11)

Midnight had chimed, and still the stormy rejoicing of these licentious spirits continued; when, fortunately, several detachments of soldiers, belonging to the advance of Trastamara, entered the city, and began to patrol the streets. By this time many murders, and many excesses and enormities had been committed, during the interval caused by the flight of one sovereign, and the entrance of another. Some of the worthy citizens of Seville had, indeed, profited by the time, and had indulged in more freedom than would be either prudent or convenient to

acknowledge. At the entrance of the military it was considered by them high time to stop.

Gradually the parties were dispersed, and order restored; every one retired to his dwelling, or place of concealment, to rejoice over his plunder, to grieve over his bruises, and some, it is to be hoped, to consider with remorse the part they had taken in so iniquitous a business. Thus ended the riot, and every preparation was made for the triumphant entry of Enrique de Trastamara.

The city having, by the late excesses, undergone a sort of political purification, was now ready to receive the *victors*. The inhabitants likewise prepared to welcome *them* with the usual demonstrations of joy, being a tribute always paid to the successful party, without inquiring whether such acknowledgments are deserved.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIUMPHANT ENTRY.

"What God, alas! will caution be
For living man's security,
Or will secure his vessel in this faithless sea,
Where Fortune's favour, and her spight,
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night?"
Cowley's Pindar.

"He various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state."
DRYDEN.

"HOLD thy peace, Pimiento, thou forget'st thyself."

"*Guardeos el cielo*, Señor Don Egas, it is rather you that forget your old opinions."

"It is not seemly in thee to presume, unasked, to counsel thy master, as to the course he ought to pursue."

"And mayhap, Señor," quoth Pimiento, proudly, "your grace would suffer nothing by having such a counsellor. Never, oh! never would your honourable father Don Vasco, nor your illustrious uncle Don Suero, nor even your cousin the canon Membrilla, or any of the noble house of Vargas, come at this time to Seville, to breathe this contaminated atmosphere, and expose themselves to the infection."

"Infection! why, Pimiento, thou art surely dreaming. Seville contaminated—how?"

"By the presence of an usurper!" gravely replied Pimiento.

"Enough!—enough!" quoth his master seriously; "he is no usurper who is placed on the throne by the consent of the people."

"The people!—Heaven defend us!—the people!" repeated Pimiento, screwing his lips into something like a sarcastic smile,—"the people,

quotha! and how was that consent obtained, but by compulsion? A fine consent—Heaven save the mark! To invite French adventurers to pillage the land, and divide the spoils with those abandoned natives, who are lost to the honour of their country! Alack! the ancient spirit of loyalty, and generosity, and chivalry, is gone, for ever gone!—Our nobles and *ricosomes* no longer follow the example of their forefathers. Where is flown the noble spirit of the Cid, when he conquered Valentia? Who shall now imitate the famous Don Pelayo, or reach the feats of Bernardo del Carpio? Not our Caballeros, no! they are studying how to enrich themselves by seconding an usurper! and the people, as ye call them, are dupes only to be laughed at when no longer necessary. But mark me, Señor Don Egas de Vargas," he added, pompously, " mark me! these things w[illegible] stop [illegible]rget'st here! the seeds are sown, which, in [illegible] put forth most venomous plants, and p[illegible] tile"—

"By the body of San Fernando!" interrupted Don Egas, sarcastically, "a fine discovery I have made: why, I have in my service not only a concealed *Caballero Andante*, but what is still better, a learned *Sabidor*—a second Merlin."

"No *Sabidor*, no second Merlin, but an honourable Escudero," returned Pimiento, his tall figure increasing in height full two inches as he spoke. "A good Castilian, and would to God there were many such! but the race is almost extinct. I can only find that noble spirit in those few Caballeros who followed the king in his misfortunes. Ferran de Castro is a man worthy of being the companion of Don Pelayo and Bernardo del Carpio."

"Hush! Pimiento"—interrupted Don Egas—"you go too far—mention not that name—prud[illegible] so commands it—it is a name pro-

"Th[illegible]

[illegible]scribed! and what matters it to Pimiento?

I shall always sing the praises of a good Caballero."

"Silence!" replied Don Egas, warmly.

"Would Don Vasco have forbidden me to give praise where it was due?—No! no!"

"Silence, I say!"

"Would Don Mendo, the old Maestre de Santiago, have used me thus, when after the battle of Alcandete— ?"

"Be quiet, rebellious serf!"

"Of Alcandete — I communicated my free sentiments!—No, no, no! Good Pimiento, says the Maestre —"

"*Maldigate el Cielo!*" thundered Don Egas; "curse that unruly tongue."

"No, he did not curse—good Pimiento, said he—but I have done, Señor—I find that your honour loves not always to hear sound reason—so I have done."

Such was the dialogue that passed between Don Egas and his lofty-spirited attendant

Pimiento, in their way to Seville. They had left the castle that morning to be present at the triumphant entry of Don Enrique into the capital of his newly acquired dominions.

Costanza, wholly absorbed in her gloomy meditations, did not attempt to interfere in the conversation. Indeed for some time they had proceeded in perfect silence, which had been broken by the sudden discord arising from the prudence of Don Egas, and the zeal of his *escudero* Pimiento, who in vain endeavoured to reconcile his ideas of propriety with what he saw passing around. The matter-of-fact conduct of his master alarmed his lofty sentiments, and excited all his rooted prejudices. During the whole progress of the elevation of Don Enrique to the throne, he perceived a thousand incongruities and contradictions to the laws of chivalric warfare. The rivalry of Trastamara against his brother had been conducted in a way totally unprecedented in the annals of true and gallant knighthood. He had not sought his enemy in

a martial way, nor thrown the gauntlet according to the established formula. No, he had obtained his end by promises and corruption, which though extremely effectual, as the results proved, are certainly any thing but knightly and warlike.

Despite of the cruelties of Don Pedro, Pimiento now beheld him only as a fugitive prince deprived of his crown, and compelled to seek shelter in a foreign land. It was a very interesting situation, and capable of exciting the sympathies of all those who had a particle of romance in their disposition. Added to this, Pimiento had a most convenient memory, for whilst the alleged crimes of Don Pedro were forgotten, it marvellously contrived to store up every favourable circumstance of his character.

Thus it was wonderfully well stocked with every act of justice attributed to the banished king, as well as with the gallant and chivalric deeds he had seen him perform in a tourney. These qualities dwelt strongly on Pimiento's

mind, and made his present situation irksome in the extreme. He was firmly attached to his master, in whose family the Pimientos had continued during three successive generations. Their attachment and fidelity were hereditary; and Pimiento, in virtue of his own services, as well as those of his ancestors, had acquired, or rather had assumed the right of speaking his mind freely, and exercising an absolute command over the tenants of the castle. He had zealously endeavoured to inculcate his high-flown sentiments among the vassals and menials, but had almost always the mortification of seeing his lessons completely thrown away. They evinced no pleasure at the recital of the most heroic feats, and even heard without emotion the soul-stirring ballads of the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio. Thus had Pimiento passed his life, ridiculed yet respected; laughed at, yet feared; for he was honesty itself; and, despite of his age, his extraordinary courage and address made him an enemy not to be lightly provoked. The

material change in his master's sentiments he decidedly condemned; and while his duty and respect obliged him to obey the absolute commands of Don Egas, he was unable to forbear his remonstrances. He was not, however, piqued when his counsel was not respected; and since Don Egas would not be prevailed upon to adopt his sentiments, he resolved to seek consolation in those of a greater hero. Accordingly, in a loud and emphatic though monotonous voice, he began to repeat an old romance.

"Do you hear him, Costanza?" observed Don Egas; "that old driveller is really perplexing; he will sooner or later involve us in some disagreeable affair."

"Nay, Sir, fear not," replied Costanza; "no one will take offence at his remarks—his honest manner, and the sincerity of his heart—"

"Tush! child, you are far from the mark; it is that honest manner, and that same sincerity, which will do the mischief: depend upon it, truth and sincerity are more likely to give offence

than duplicity; and a notable day's work we shall make, should the imprudent coxcomb introduce some of his wonted flourishes and stale sentiments, precisely when he should hold his peace. A victorious party will not bear to be told they have done wrong. If we were to place faith in such as he, victory would be entitled to no praise."

"But, Sir," inquired Costanza, "do you really intend to be presented to the new king?"

"Aye, child," replied her father hesitatingly, "how am I to avoid it?—it is a necessary evil—"

"Necessary evil!" exclaimed Pimiento; "methinks there should be no necessity for doing evil—"

"Mind your romance, Sir, and spare me your remarks," said Don Egas; "I have already endured too much!" Then turning to his daughter, he continued—

"My beloved Costanza, you see that the

whole kingdom has submitted, and the grandees and *ricos-homes* hasten to pay their homage to Don Enrique."

"And to be paid in return!" cried the intrepid Pimiento.

"Silence! for the last time, I desire you; or, by my honour, you shall rue the moment your insolent tongue dared to retort upon your natural lord and master."

The imperious tone in which these words were delivered had the desired effect. Besides, the deference which the faithful Pimiento held in such estimation, would not permit him to persevere in his argument: he heaved a sigh on this failing of Don Egas, and remained silent.

"My dear Costanza," resumed her parent, "Heaven knows, I bear no enmity to the absent king: nay, if preference were allowed, my choice should be made in a moment; but as we are situated, what course can I pursue? When the storm blows hard, common prudence induces us to seek the best shelter we can."

"Alas! Sir, you surely do not think the cause of Don Pedro so irrecoverably lost."

"My child, it is past all remedy; there are so many powerful men interested in the present order of affairs."

A profound sigh, an appealing look of sorrow, was the only answer Costanza made to this painful assertion.

"But grieve not thus," continued Don Egas; "rather endeavour to reconcile your feelings to the change, and think no more of Don Ferran; for I am well aware it was he, and not Don Pedro, who elicited those signs of grief."

"No, Sir," nobly replied Costanza, "the king has likewise a share in my anxiety; but even were my whole thoughts absorbed in Don Ferran, surely you could not reproach your child for deploring the probable loss of a cavalier, who by his brilliant qualities merited and obtained your warmest admiration;—a true, a brave, a gallant knight!"

"Gallant knight!" exclaimed Pimiento,

pricking up, like an old mastiff at a welcome sound,—"aye! gallant and good amongst the best—there is the true spirit of chivalry in him—aye! he might have figured amongst the most renowned *paladines!*"

"It is not my intention to dispute or depreciate his virtues," said Don Egas. "Don Ferran is certainly a good Caballero, and I honour him as such; but he stands not alone in the world;—think you there are none, Costanza, to be found, that—"

"None!" energetically replied Pimiento, taking upon himself the answer that was expected from his lady.

"Pimiento, again I command you to hold your peace. Now, Costanza, what think you of the noble conduct of Don Alvar de Lara,—was he not generous?"

"Generous? no;" returned the tenacious Pimiento, "he merely did his duty as a *Caballero.* Heavens! when was a knight entitled to claim thanks for doing that to which he is bound by his devoirs—a true knight, Sir—"

" Certainly," continued Don Egas, not heeding his attendant, " we must grant that he has strong reason to complain of our conduct."

" Alas! Sir," returned Costanza, " what your object can be in thus recalling so unpleasant a theme, I dare not surmise; but surely it suits neither the time, nor my present feelings, and can only serve to increase my sorrow."

" God forbid that I should distress my child," said the father; " I wish merely to prepare you—"

" Prepare me?" inquired Costanza, much surprised at the word,—" prepare me, for what?"

" Prepare you," returned the perplexed Don Egas, " to receive him kindly—in a courteous way—that is all."

" Sir," replied Costanza, with dignity, " your daughter needs no preparation to behave with becoming courtesy."

Don Egas was afraid of expressing his thoughts more fully, and Costanza, who felt increased reluctance to enter into the subject,

forbore any further remark. Silence was maintained on both sides until they arrived at the city, which they entered just in time to witness the triumphant entry of Don Enrique.

Seville presented a most striking and interesting scene. Crowds of persons were seen hurrying to and fro, anxious to secure convenient places to behold the grand cavalcade which was now fast approaching. The windows and balconies literally bent under the pressure of human weight. Even the loop holes aloft were studded with heads, and the roofs and trees contained a proportionate share of curious and impatient spectators. The streets by which the procession was to pass were strewed with flowers and odoriferous shrubs; costly draperies and skins of wild beasts were suspended from the windows. Every where a deafening clamour prevailed. The bells of the cathedral, and a hundred other churches, rung a constant and enlivening peal, that almost drowned the more promiscuous noise of the multitude.

The archbishop, together with the dean and chapter, sallied from the cathedral in their robes of ceremony, preceded by numberless musicians and choristers, chaunting hymns of joy and thanksgiving. From another quarter was seen the *primer asistente** and the *veintiquatros*,† with the rest of the civil authorities, in their appropriate costumes, advancing stately and slowly to meet the king. Before the *asistente*, a herald, in a gold plate of curious workmanship, carried the keys of the city. Don Enrique de Trastamara and his brilliant retinue at last made their appearance, and a thundering shout of *vivas* rent the air. The procession was opened by heralds sumptuously apparelled, and mounted on milk-white chargers. Next followed a detachment of armed cavaliers, French and Arragonians, bearing small pennons, interwoven with laurel and myrtle. Then came Trastamara himself, surrounded by a splendid

* The principal civil authority or Mayor.

† A sort of court of aldermen.

cortège of his friends and allies. He was clad in complete armour, over which he wore a superb royal mantle.

Before him rode Don Pedro Lope de Ayala, carrying *el pendon de Castilla*;* but nothing attracted so powerfully the attention of the public, as an extraordinary person, who claimed the right hand of Don Enrique. He was a man of most forbidding appearance, short in his stature, but broad and sinewy, with long shapeless arms and legs, bearing no proportion to the height of his body; his eyes almost protruded from a set of features coarse and repulsive in their expression; his whole exterior, indeed, indicated ferocity and vulgarity. Yet Don Enrique was specially attentive in his courtesy to this individual; for in so unseemly a shell lodged one of the most gallant spirits of the age. He was no less a personage than the renowned Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, to whom Trastamara was principally indebted for his

* The banner of Castile.

crown. Close to him followed Don Tello and Don Sancho, brothers to the king, the Bêgue de Vilaines, and the Marshal of Andreghen, Don Diego de Orozco, Don Alvar de Lara, and a crowd of grandees and *ricos-homes*, all splendidly attired in dazzling armour and costly ornaments, and all bearing, in their own pennons, the united arms of Castile and Trastamara. The *asistente de Sevilla* now, according to the usage, knelt before the king, and presented the keys of the city, which having been graciously accepted, the procession moved on towards the cathedral, amidst the mingling din of a thousand *vivas*, the ringing of bells, and the strains of martial instruments.

Thus the cavalcade arrived at the metropolitan church, and dismounted in front of its principal entrance. That stupendous and magnificent pile was brilliantly decorated for the occasion; the chapter had been lavish of their wealth, and exceedingly eager to show their attachment to the new king. Myriads of blazing

torches and odoriferous lamps formed a sea of glorious light over those gigantic aisles, now resounding with the swelling peal of sacred music, —while loud Hosannas encumbered the air, as the archbishop ushered in Don Enrique amidst the triumphal notes.

The dean next in dignity conducted Bertrand Duguesclin; then followed the priests of the chapter, each conducting one of the cavaliers, according to the order of precedence. The vast space of the cathedral was now thronged with mail-clad warriors, whose waving plumes and rattling armour, splendidly contrasted with the sumptuous yet peaceful robes of the prelate and officiating clergy.

The king and his retinue, led by the bishop and full chapter, then proceeded to the shrine of the illustrious king San Fernando, placed in the chapel which bears his name. The rich crystal shrine was uncovered, and the holy remains stood revealed to public view. The king knelt and devoutly offered up his prayers at the

shrine, after which the *magistral** delivered a short panegyric on the virtues of San Fernando; but amidst the praises of the saint he did not fail to introduce, though delicately, the blessings of the present change, the good qualities of the king, and thence to draw the most favourable conclusions. The church service was next performed with all pomp and ceremony, and these pious exercises being concluded, the whole *cortège* withdrew to the Alcazar, which had by this time been purified from the effects of the devastating zeal of *El Tuerto* and his comrades.

The king then retired to consult with his most confidential adherents.

It was decreed that Don Enrique should hold a public audience on the following day to redress the grievances of his subjects and award recompences where due. This decision was proclaimed through the city, and it fully answered the desired effect. Every one seemed highly gratified with the new order of things; for novelty

* A canon whose province is to preach.

has such irresistible charms, that a change, even at the expense of justice and the public good, seldom proves unacceptable. Thus Don Enrique took possession of his capital—the city of Seville, by virtue of which, and the archbishop's blessing, he became the acknowledged sovereign of Castile and Leon.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONTRAST.

"Quoth Hudibras, 'the case is clear,
As thou hast proved it by thy practice,
No argument like matter-of-fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.'"

HUDIBRAS.

DON ENRIQUE now appeared firmly established on the throne. Deputations arrived every day from all parts of the kingdom to congratulate him upon his accession to the crown of Castile, and the grandees and *ricos-homes* were also remarkably diligent in paying their homage and offering their services anew.

Don Enrique received all these marks of attachment with a becoming cordiality and acknowledgment; but nevertheless he took special care not to dismiss his favourite Duguesclin from his side. However, not to alarm his new subjects by the terrible array of a standing army of foreigners, he judiciously licensed the greater number of these adventurers, after having conferred on them rewards proportionate to the services they had rendered. A chosen body of veterans, under the command of Bertrand Duguesclin, and the Marshal of Andreghen, was appointed to attend on the king as a measure of precaution, for however enthusiastic the people might be in their profession of attachment, prudence naturally suggested this additional guarantee against the mutability of human affairs.

This being settled, titles and rewards were next showered on all the grandees and *ricos-homes* who had contributed to the elevation of Don Enrique. Property and castles changed owners, and while pensions were granted to some,

and titles to others, an abundance of promises was graciously conferred upon the people. Every thing accordingly was arranged to the general satisfaction, and even the most sceptical dared not doubt the permanent establishment of Trastamara on the throne of Castile. Such an impression produced a speedy conversion to the king's party, and added to the stability of his power. Among these converts it is unnecessary to mention Don Egas de Vargas, as we have seen he was already so well prepared, that very little was wanted to make him a proselyte to the new government.

Accordingly Don Egas entered his mansion with looks of unusual good humour. He ungirded his sword, laid by his hat, and traversed the apartment in all the restlessness of newly excited hopes. Costanza was summoned to his presence, and Pimiento, whom habit had accustomed to attend upon his master on all occasions, followed his young mistress into the apartment.

"Costanza," said Don Egas, "I have been introduced to the king, and I must confess he is a very prepossessing, gallant man; so very attentive to his friends, and so affable to all around him: in sooth, I had no idea he was *un tan buen caballero*."*

"Sir," replied his daughter, "I rejoice that you should have formed so favourable an opinion of the new king. It augurs well, perhaps, for the tranquillity of Castile."

This sentence was uttered with more indifference than coincided with the views of Don Egas, nor was the old cavalier much pleased with the portentous grimace which appeared on the lengthened visage of Pimiento.

"As I entered the royal presence," resumed Don Egas, "Don Enrique was surrounded by all the principal grandees and clergy of the kingdom, and attended by that renowned and gallant Frenchman, Sir Bertrand Duguesclin."

"*Cielos santos*!" ejaculated Pimiento, un-

* So good a knight.

able, to restrain himself, "that I should have lived to hear a Vargas speak of his country's enemies in terms of praise!"

"But," replied Don Egas, "justice requires that praise should not be withheld from those that deserve it—that Sir Bertrand Duguesclin is a most gallant knight, surely no one will deny."

"God defend me!" retorted Pimiento, "I will deny nothing for the future; I will even say that the Frenchman is a very handsome man."

"That signifies nothing; he has a soul replete with noble courage, and that best becoming a warrior," answered Don Egas: "besides, to speak truly, I do not think him so remarkably ugly after all. However, the king received me very courteously, took me by the hand, and swore that the Vargas had always ranked amongst the most deserving families in the kingdom. He concluded, by expressing his wish to see me as well my fair daughter often at court, as he was pleased to express himself; for it seems he knows I have a fair daughter," he added, smiling.

"But, Sir," observed Costanza, with emotion, "you surely do not mean that I should be presented at court?"

"Oh no, no, to be sure not," said Pimiento.

"Child," replied Don Egas, "you see there is no remedy; I myself must constantly attend, and therefore——"

"Shame, oh shame—*Dios!* what do I hear?" exclaimed Pimiento, in a strange, incoherent manner; "am I alive, or do I dream? No! by all the saints of heaven, and the sword of the Cid, and the memory of your sire, I will suffer it no longer. Señor Don Egas, you surely will not go again to court: I will renounce you—aye! by my honour and San Fernando, I will, Sir,—you must choose between Trastamara and Pimiento."

"Heaven defend us!" cried Don Egas, in utter amazement, "why the old man is running stark mad."

"Mad!" repeated his servant, "would to God I were mad! then I should not suffer as I

do," and as he spoke, those uniform taciturn and stern features seemed to relax into something like human feeling. "Mad!" he continued, "better to be mad, than to see a decendant of the Vargas, compounding with illegitimacy and usurpation, forgetting the high unbending spirit of his sires. Ah! Señor, call to mind the spirit of the Cid—recollect the conduct of your ancestor, surnamed *Machuca*, at the conquest of Seville(12)—remember Bernardo del Carpio! He never praised a Frenchman; aye, he stood firm for the independence of his country. Look at his behaviour at Roncesvalles!—there was valour, and spirit, and noble enthusiasm—how he annihilated his enemies! and a terrible host in sooth they were—there you saw *los doce pares de Francia*, the twelve peers of France, and the famous Rolando and his brother Paladines; but their prowess was exerted in vain against the courageous chivalry of Bernardo—backed as he was by the assistance of Santiago and the heavenly powers."(13)

Pimiento's ancient fire was aroused by the recollection, and he proceeded repeating scraps of ballads and romances; whilst his master, who feared to irritate him still more by opposition, abstained from any remarks until fortunately relieved by the entrance of Don Alvar de Lara.

The countenance of the young cavalier was expressive of sorrow, and scarcely was the brief salutation concluded, when he said, "Heavy tidings, Don Egas."

Don Egas started: "Nothing unpleasant at court, surely?" he anxiously inquired.

"Oh, no, the news comes a good deal farther. It is another proof of the vindictive spirit and ferocious disposition of the fugitive. I hope this last act will serve to convince the most incredulous and the most infatuated of his adherents; it is really distressing to recount such wanton, such fiendish barbarity."

"You raise my curiosity," exclaimed Don Egas; "in the name of Heaven, what has happened?"

"An express," proceeded Don Alvar, "has just come from Galicia, with news of the arrival of Don Pedro at Corunna, and his proceedings there. The tyrant was politely dismissed from Portugal, and sought a refuge in the City of Corunna, but being resolved to signalize his course by repeated proofs of his sanguinary disposition, he has committed the most atrocious of murders."

"On whom?" anxiously inquired Don Egas.

"On no other than the old and venerable bishop of Santiago."

Don Egas spoke not; Costanza sighed; and Pimiento looked unutterable things.

"An abominable assassination!" at length cried Don Egas, "and a most grievous sin. Ay," he added, in a bitter tone, turning to Pimiento, "I wonder if Señor Pimiento considers this fine feat as coming within the pale of chivalry! Did ever the Cid, or Martin Pelaez, achieve the like; or can you find in your amaz-

ing store of legendary knowledge, any thing approaching in spirit and heroism to this?"

"Señor Don Egas de Vargas y Vasconcelos!" cried Pimiento, sternly and indignantly, "it little becomes you to cast reflections on an honest *escudero*. I never advocated the crimes of Don Pedro; I judge opinions, not men; but this I will say, that the crimes of one person can never, in honourable minds, serve as an excuse for their commission by others."

Saying this, he very pompously and leisurely stalked out of the apartment.

"Don Pedro," resumed Don Alvar, without noticing the exit of Pimiento, "is reported to have fled to France with a slender retinue; indeed only two or three persons of any consequence are the companions of his flight; and I may say, that of these, Don Ferran de Castro is the most conspicuous."

As he uttered these words, Don Alvar cast a scrutinizing look at Costanza, but she was

well aware of his intention, and carefully avoided betraying the least symptom of emotion. The conversation then turned upon indifferent subjects, until Don Egas took the first opportunity of withdrawing and leaving Don Alvar alone with his daughter.

Such an interview was exceedingly distressing to Costanza: nor was Don Alvar capable of assuming that degree of ease necessary to render the interview less embarrassing. Silence was therefore maintained for some time; each surmised the subject of the other's thoughts, and this consciousness added considerably to the unpleasantness of their situation. Don Alvar at length began:

"I little thought once," he said, "that fortune would be so propitious as to grant me a reconciliation with your father, which I have so long and so earnestly desired: permit me to hope, that the alteration in his sentiments towards me will be productive of a corresponding change in your own."

"Ah! Señor," returned Costanza, with a cold smile, "my favourable opinion is of so little value, that it can be hardly worth your acceptance."

"Nay, Costanza," cried the young cavalier, rather disconcerted, "this is not well; this coldness and reserve must not be: I claim the privilege of kindred as well as the rights of an old friendship." He stopped, and in a subdued and fluttered tone, he then added, "You surely cannot have entirely forgotten the terms of intimacy on which we once were, when you honoured me with your regard, when I was the happiest of men."

"Don Alvar," returned Costanza proudly, "why remind me of past times, when they can be productive of nothing agreeable——"

"To you!—Ah, Costanza; do not finish the sentence; I know but too well its meaning; yet with that love of justice you profess, let me not have still greater occasion to complain of your treatment."

"Enough! Don Alvar; it is not becoming the spirit of gallantry to reproach an unprotected lady, when redress is no longer in her power."

"Surely Costanza cannot consider herself unprotected under the roof of her father; and well she knows that no terms need be required from one to whom her slightest wish is a command."

"Alas, Don Alvar!" replied Costanza, "it is you that I have most reason to fear; your language and manner convince me of your sentiments. My father is much to blame to allow a renewal of a subject so painful to me, when he knows the difficulties under which I labour."

"Costanza!" cried Don Alvar, emphatically, "I can no longer dissemble; boldly will I utter my sentiments; and be not offended because they are dictated by sincere and devoted affection. I love you, Costanza—Yes! I love you, more even than when I was allowed to indulge in the fondest hopes of happiness. Alas! fortune dealt

unkindly with me; I might accuse a false friend of having robbed me of my brightest expectations. I will not distress you by dwelling on the past; my wrongs shall be forgotten in the anticipation of the future. Fortune once more smiles upon me—the party of my rival is fallen, mine is triumphant, and the use I wish to make of my victory is to forward your happiness, Costanza, and the welfare of your noble family."

"Don Alvar!" she cried in a melancholy tone, "you are not aware of the pain you cause her whose happiness you profess to have in view. Forbear, in mercy forbear a language, every word of which goes like a poisoned dagger to my heart!"

"Can nothing then soften the repugnance you bear me?" cried Don Alvar, much mortified. "Ah! Costanza, indulge not in fallacious hopes that Ferran can ever return; he has fled from that land he in vain sought to oppress."

"Hold! Señor," earnestly interposed Costanza; "this is language I cannot and will not

hear: whatever be the merits of the cause which Ferran de Castro has espoused, his conduct is beyond all praise; and although he be doomed to exile, yet he must ever possess my warmest admiration."

With feelings highly incensed, she made a movement to retire.

"Nay, Costanza," angrily cried Don Alvar, "I will be heard! In the name of Heaven, do not treat me thus: my patience may be exhausted by repeated contempt; your noble father has given his sanction to my addresses. I am willing to forget what has passed. I repeat again, from Ferran you have nothing to expect—he can never return to his country—his head is proscribed, and he is condemned to linger the rest of his existence in a foreign land. It is under these circumstances that I renew my suit: let me not be harshly repulsed; no, let me not have so many reasons to impeach your better feelings and your duty!"

"Don Alvar," said Costanza, warmly and

firmly, "you surely have mistaken my character, if you think I shall grant to your importunity what I refused to your services. Hear, then, my resolution, which nought on earth shall change—for I will now speak openly. My vows I irrevocably pledged to Ferran de Castro, and I will not prove false, were all the miseries that can afflict humanity to be the consequence of a resolute adherence to my plighted faith! After this declaration, Don Alvar, I trust to your generosity that I may never more be importuned upon a subject which can only serve to render my situation still more afflicting."

Don Alvar bit his lip, and for some time was unable to give utterance to his indignation. He paced the apartment with folded arms and agitated demeanor.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "and by all the saints, I swear, that my offer shall not be treated with unmerited contempt. Costanza!" he then added, softening his tone, "you will reflect on this: excuse the language which the agita-

tion of my mind may have caused; but allow me to visit you at least on terms of friendship. Time, perhaps, may effect a change."

"Never!" resolutely replied Costanza. "Don Alvar, I cannot harbour in my mind even a shadow of dissimulation; I will not for a moment deceive you. You have heard my decision: to my esteem and gratitude you have abundant claims; as a friend I shall be always proud to receive you. But do not, under the guise of friendship, seek to persecute me upon another subject; for nothing less than persecution shall I call it after the manner in which I have declared to you my sentiments. Don Alvar, you must learn how impossible it is that an union between us can ever be productive of happiness. Were Ferran even to be removed from the face of the earth, Don Alvar should never be the husband of Costanza!"

"Heavens; what do I hear! Is it possible, Costanza, that such lasting hatred should separate us for ever!"



"Hate!—no, no, Don Alvar, I cannot hate you; it is a very different sentiment by which I am actuated: the very intimacy of our family intercourse precludes the possibility of a renewal."

A mutual silence ensued. Don Alvar saw the madness of persevering, under existing circumstances, in his suit, and accordingly he took his leave.

He was struck with the firmness of Costanza; yet still, like most men under the influence of a violent passion, he fondly indulged the hope that it would eventually be crowned with success. He carefully kept out of view every circumstance unfavourable to his expectation, and only treasured in his memory those passages which might be favourably construed.

He felt persuaded that when De Castro's hopes were utterly annihilated, his mistress would listen to the professions of a man for whom, according to her own confession, she already entertained sentiments of regard and

esteem. Thus though baffled in his object for the present, Don Alvar retired, neither dejected nor disheartened, but communing deeply with his own thoughts on the most prudent way of proceeding towards the fortunate termination of his desires.

Costanza meantime felt as if relieved from a heavy load; she had delivered her sentiments with the utmost freedom, and as she thought in a manner calculated to remove any further importunities. She had left no room for hope, and she flattered herself Don Alvar would now abstain from the fruitless prosecution of his addresses. But she judged him by her own sentiments, not by the feelings of a passionate lover, whom the most mortifying repulse must still fail to dishearten. She was soon joined by her father, but the wily old cavalier cautiously abstained from alluding to Don Alvar. He knew the determined character of Costanza, and he considered that her heart was a fortress, not

to be gained by direct assault, but only by a skilful and protracted siege, which he felt pretty confident Don Alvar would not be the first to relinquish.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLACK PRINCE AND HIS KNIGHTS.

" A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freedom's thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws."

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE Black Prince had just pledged the last toast to the honour of England, and was about to rise from the convivial board, when Sir Robert Knolles detained him by demanding, " How

long, please your highness, will this our idle mood continue? default of practice, the valour of a soldier is apt to become as rusty as his weapon."

"Be of good cheer, Sir Robert," returned the prince: "we cannot alter the course of things; but the adventurous knight may always find occasion to show his gallantry and prowess in foreign fields, if he be so gallantly minded."

"Ay, by St. George," replied Sir Robert; "and I sorely repent me for not following the example of Sir Hugh Calverley, and the free companions who have achieved such deeds, and acquired such rich booty in Spain."

"Shame! Sir Robert," cried the noble Sir John Chandos, reddening up: "when was it thought seemly to hear an English knight deplore and repine at the loss of booty? Beshrew my heart! if among the fine deeds of Sir Hugh Calverley, his expedition into Castile shall call down the meed of praise."

"Ay!" said Sir William Felton: "the more

so when we consider he is engaged in the cause of an usurper, to dethrone his liege and lawful king."

"Right, Sir William," observed the Black Prince, with approving looks: "besides, is there not something in bad keeping, thus to become the allies of our natural foes? I marvel me, how Sir Hugh can agree with Sir Bertrand Duguesclin. Eh! Sirs, those free companions as they term themselves, ought in mere justice to take another title; for that of freebooters, methinks, would better become them."

"Gramercy, Sir Prince!" cried Sir Robert, with a sardonic smile: "if the compliment is levelled at my poor deserts."

"Sir Knight," replied the Black Prince, "although Sir Robert Knolles should feel offended at a just observation, yet never shall Edward of Wales forbear censure, where he thinks it merited. What, Sir! have we not every day new complaints of depredations and

injustice against the companions?—and who, by St. George, is to redress these wrongs?—or are we to shut our eyes and ears to the cries of justice, to suit the good pleasure of these marauders?"

At this moment, an attendant came to announce, that a Spanish cavalier had a communication of a private nature to impart to the prince; upon this the knights withdrew, and the prince commanded the messenger into his presence. Without any ceremony, the stranger was ushered in. He was a man of very prepossessing and lofty demeanor, though clad in an uncouth and lowly guise. With an expression of humility, blended with noble pride, he made a profound obeisance to the prince, and, presenting a roll of papers, said,

"Most noble prince! I come from my lord and master, Don Pedro, the king of Castile, now a fugitive from his dominions, to seek, in his behalf, the protection of the noble and

valiant knights of England. From these papers you will learn more fully the purport of my mission."

The prince received Ferran de Castro, for such was the stranger, most graciously; and taking the offered papers, he glanced over their contents with visible interest; then turning to de Castro—" You are welcome to us," he said, " from our cousin of Castile. Hard times these, Sir Spaniard! From this document I see that Don Pedro has been roughly used. What means of assistance can he count upon?"

" None, Sir, none," replied Ferran, mournfully, " but the generous sympathy of true knights, who will boldly assert the cause of loyalty and justice, against wicked usurpation. An unnatural brother, conjoined with a faction of nobles and clergy, supported by foreign allies, have hurled their sovereign from the throne. He is now compelled to fly from his kingdom, deserted by all his liege subjects and

sworn vassals; half a dozen cavaliers, myself included, constitute his whole retinue."

"Sir Ferran, your fidelity looks well," replied the prince. "I grieve that the Castilians should have forgotten a virtue, for which they have always been so much vaunted. However, we will consider the grievances of our cousin, and devise means to assist him in his trouble. Duguesclin is, in good sooth, a puissant and a formidable knight—the power of Trastamara is acknowledged in Castile; yet, with the help of God and my good sword, we shall speedily see whether rebellion and usurpation shall triumph in your land."

"Noble Sir!" cried Ferran, joyfully, "may Heaven reward your generous disposition!"

"Sir Castilian!" replied the prince, "to protect the wronged and chastise the oppressor, is a duty imposed on a true knight; and such would I willingly profess myself to be. Moreover, I think it a sacred cause, and all that I

can do, shall be done forthwith in favour of Don Pedro. Yet, first, I must consult the lords of my father's court, for it is only with their aid and approbation that I can hope for success: you will stay our guest, and in brief space an answer shall be given."

Upon this Ferran withdrew, and the prince sent immediately for Sir John Chandos, Sir William Felton, and a few other distinguished knights who composed his council. Upon their arrival they found the prince re-perusing the letter, which he held out to them, and said smiling,

"My lords, here is great news from Spain. The King Don Pedro, our most noble cousin, complains bitterly of Don Enrique of Trastamara, his bastard brother, who has violently seized upon the throne of Castile, and, as ye know, driven the rightful sovereign from his dominions. The gallant Castilian who waits in attendance came commissioned to entreat our assistance for the recovery of the kingdom, as these dispatches more fully explain."

He then slowly read out their contents, and continued—

"Eh, Sirs! shall we neglect a king in his adversity, or shall we, in the true spirit of knightly feeling, give him our aid to replace him on his throne? My lords, I wait your opinion; speak, and speak boldly: your prince knows the proper value of your high judgment."

The lords listened to the communication with surprise, but attempted not to deliver their sentiments; whereupon the prince continued:—

"My lords, I will not affect to disguise my own desires: this is a sacred cause; and in all such, the Prince of Wales shall never be backward in giving an example, as behoveth him, of true valour and glorious achievement. Don Pedro claims our support as a lawful sovereign against an illegitimate usurper. Justice is thus on our side; and if the character of Don Pedro is such as report bespeaks, if his cruelties and crimes have caused these disturbances—by re-

gaining for him his crown, we may further benefit the Castilians, by softening the asperity and cruelty of his disposition, and rendering him worthy the regard of his subjects. Eh! Sirs, if we succeed as well as we may expect, honour, the knight's best ambition, will be our guerdon."

"My prince!" cried Sir John Chandos, "wherever Edward of Wales leads to battle, and consequently to victory, Sir John Chandos shall joyfully follow; dispose of me, Sir Prince, and of all mine."

"Heaven forefend!" said Sir William Felton, "there should be but one opinion amongst us all. Before we yet decide, should we not carefully weigh the circumstances of this case? Now, should this Don Pedro, in the waywardness of his disposition, involve our unsullied honour in a rash contention, from which nought but disgrace and ill treatment await our banners, by Saint George, our generosity and humanity would be thrown away! Sir Prince,

are you aware that we must do all; since fortune hath utterly abandoned Don Pedro's arms?"

"Sir William," replied the prince, "I do believe, in very sincerity, you give the best advice. I must, however, inform you, that I am most intimately acquainted with the conduct of this Don Pedro. Ay! faults he has committed, for which he deeply suffers; but I cannot think his misconduct a sufficient reason to withhold from him the besought assistance: common humanity and honour speak in his behalf. Eh! my lords, who amongst you can hear unmoved the prayer of a suppliant king, driven from his realm by a bastard brother? None, most assuredly. Let, then, the more urgent reasons of justice silence our fainter scruples. Thus, my lords, I am emboldened to request your assistance for the fugitive sovereign of Castile."

His auditors, inspired by the same gallant sentiments, readily acquiesced in the prince's wishes. Sir William Felton made no further remark

which might savour of opposition, but with noble enthusiasm he cried,—

"By Saint George and England, our pennons shall be decorated with fresh laurels; for in long intervals of peace, our garlands begin to lose somewhat of their lustre! Let us then assist the banished king, and invite him to Brittany with the utmost speed; we shall then hear, more at length, the particulars of this rebellion, and devise measures for his restoration."

"Sir William, you speak wisely," said the prince; "let the noble Castilian, Ferran, be the bearer of our invitation to his master: and on our good admiral, the Lord Thomas Felton, your brother, Sir William, shall devolve the duty of conducting Don Pedro to our presence. Let the gallies be prepared, and every order for the fulfilment of our wishes be issued forthwith."

This measure being resolved upon, the prince dispatched a messenger for the free companions

to return to their standards and join the expedition. Sir Hugh Calverley and Sir Mathew Gournay, with the knights who commanded these freebooters, immediately obeyed the summons; and such was the regard and veneration of the whole corps for the name of Edward, that at his command they immediately quitted the service, although profitably employed in it.

Trastamara, who had due intelligence of these proceedings, at first felt little alarm, relying with implicit confidence on the loyalty of his new subjects, and the bravery of his allies. But Duguesclin soon aroused the prince from his too confident security; for he well knew the formidable enemies he would soon be compelled to encounter—champions who were grown old in the career of victory, and conducted by Edward the Black Prince, the most celebrated commander of the age.

Don Enrique, therefore, lost no time in arranging every measure to avert the effects of the threatening danger, and immediately issued orders

that the whole strength of his forces should be collected, and hold themselves in readiness to march against the enemy, rather than await his arrival. Thus the hopes of tranquillity indulged by Don Enrique on his accession to the throne, were immediately dispelled, and only warlike preparations resounded throughout Castile.

Meantime, Don Pedro and his few attendants had arrived at Bayonne; and the Prince of Wales, wishing to show all honour and courtesy to the unfortunate king, resolved to meet him midway between that city and Bordeaux.

Accordingly, at the time agreed upon, the gallant prince and his splendid and heroic retinue started from the place, and proceeded slowly to welcome the royal party. It was a glorious and magnificent spectacle to behold the brilliant cavalcade, as it wound its course along the plain. There were seen erect on their stately chargers, some of the most renowned knights in Christendom, in full panoply and

pomp, ready to welcome an exiled prince as a guest, into their territories.

Conspicuous amongst this valiant train appeared the towering figure of their noble chief. He was distinguished by that sable armour, which had been the terror of Cressy and Poitiers; next to him might be recognised the staunch and undaunted Sir John Chandos, than whom the annals of chivalry can produce no prouder name. His was the extraordinary strength of body, combined with the steady resolution of true courage; his was that open loyalty of soul, that frank generosity and courtesy of demeanour, which must ever grace the true aspirant to the honours of knighthood. Nor should Sir William Felton be passed over, a soldier whose valour in the field could only be equalled by the prudence of his counsel, and the maturity of his judgment.

There were also Sir Stephen Cosington and Sir Guiscard d'Angle, marshals of Aquitaine,

together with Sir Robert Knolles and the Earl of Angus, and an innumerable host of gallant knights, whose names it would be here tedious to enumerate, but whose deeds were at that time the theme of every tongue. This superb cavalcade now appeared, enlivened by the strains of martial instruments, and continued its course, in the greatest buoyancy of spirits, until the slender retinue of Don Pedro came in sight. In a few moments the meeting took place: the sovereign of Castile appeared shorn indeed of his splendour;—a few ladies of his court, and his royal daughters, attended by about half a dozen cavaliers, constituting the whole of his suite.

Don Pedro seemed at this time to have lost part of that stern and overbearing spirit, that had so materially contributed to his ruin. Yet there was nothing indicative of weakness or regret in his deportment. His handsome features faithfully reflected these sentiments; and it could be easily perceived, that a deep sense of

humility, a reflection that he came as a suppliant, dwelt strongly upon his haughty mind. He made a graceful obeisance to the prince, who returned the salute, with that perfect courtesy and good-nature which were so happily blended in that noblest and most generous of men.

"Great Prince," said Don Pedro, in a firm although subdued voice, "the King of Castile approaches you as a suppliant: you behold the condition to which he is reduced—abandoned by all his rebellious subjects—all but these faithful few!" pointing to Ferran de Castro, the Maestre de Alcantara, and a few other nobles; "he solicits assistance from you in his distress."

"Fair cousin of Castile," replied the prince, "we sympathize with your misfortunes; yet by God's help, we will so far bestir ourselves that the remedy shall come close upon the heels of the mishap. Look at these knights, Sir King, does their appearance not inspire you with some flattering hopes?"

"Yes," returned Don Pedro, his eye glis-

tening with joy as he surveyed the gallant retinue before him; "their assistance would indeed ensure my success, and little should I have occasion to fear his highness of Trastamara, and his colleague in villainy—that abortion of a man, that most accursed and most ill-favoured of knights that ever bore arms."

The Black Prince and his knights looked as if lost in conjectures respecting the person who could deserve such rancorous epithets. "Of whom doth our cousin speak?" inquired the Black Prince.

"By Santiago! are ye then so slow of comprehension? Whom should I mean, but Bertrand Duguesclin!"

"Nay, Sir King," replied the prince in a rebuking tone; "this language is unseemly, as, by my faith, it is unjust, when speaking of a knight, than whom France can present no better, England but few. Perhaps he has not altogether observed the rules of true chivalry, when he so warmly embraced the cause of an

usurper; yet his conduct, both in war and peace, in battle or in tournay, has ever been an example to knighthood and a theme of praise!"

"O, Sirs! in the name of God," observed Don Pedro, with a bitter smile, "I humbly ask your pardon, if I have said aught amiss. Certainly, the King of Castile has no reason to complain of the gallant Sir Bertrand; and, by God's grace and the help of your highness, if I should recover my kingdom, I doubt not that his praises will be sung even in my own royal palace, by way of a peace-offering."

The prince abstained from further remark upon the subject, for he perceived that the mind of Don Pedro, warped by his misfortunes, was not capable of rendering justice to the merits of his enemies, much less of hearing their praise with composure.

They proceeded to Bordeaux, the prince riding on the right of Don Pedro, and showing him every mark of consideration. The unfor-

tunate king felt much gratified with the noble deportment of the prince, and the respectful attention with which he was himself treated. It is in adversity that kindness is most sure to be appreciated.

"My prince and cousin," said Don Pedro, "report has been busy with your name; much had we heard in our kingdom of the generosity of your disposition. In your solicitude for me, and readiness to redress my wrongs, I find that Fame is not always to be mistrusted. In return," added he, with a proud smile, "she, being a capricious dame, doth take strange liberties with the name of others. Now, I dare swear you have heard tremendous things of Don Pedro; for, beshrew me, but all that has been done amiss in Spain is most liberally laid to my account."

"Why, my fair cousin," replied the prince, "sincerity is the basis of my character, and since you question me concerning the honours that fame confers upon you, feel not chagrined if I should speak as best becomes a knight."

" Heaven forefend," replied the king, " tha Don Pedro should feel hurt at hearing truth! Speak out, most noble cousin; habit hath rendered our ears tractable. Ay! our loyal subjects were never over fastidious in their choice of epithets wherewith to honour their lord."

" Great crimes, it grieves me to say," quoth Edward, " and many imprudent acts were daily bruited of Don Pedro; but I always hoped report had belied his character. In truth, they said he was a tyrant—a blood-thirsty tyrant—a man abandoned to the caprice of a wanton, and laying waste the kingdom at her will!"

" A thousand curses on the foul detractors!" cried Don Pedro, passionately. " A wanton!—Doña Maria Padilla a wanton!—No, no, Sir Prince, your generous soul could never give credence to a base slander like that. She was no wanton," proceeded the king, with tender and deep emotion, " she was the worthiest as the most beautiful of her sex. Alas!

she is now no more; and yet the brutal rage of the barbarians is not to be appeased!"

He stopped, and seemed overpowered by contending feelings; his visage was overcast by a deeper cloud; his lip quivered, and a tear stood in his glazed eye: the prince had touched upon a subject which always vibrated painfully on the strings of Don Pedro's heart—for that heart, so callous in other respects, was yet keenly alive to the recollection of his early and best affection. Alas! it was this unhappy passion that had mainly contributed to his misfortunes.

"Ah!" cried Don Pedro, sarcastically, "it was a grievous sin—an unpardonable offence in a young king, to love. I cannot too justly applaud the delicacy of my most virtuous subjects; they would have had me reign without the passions or feelings of human nature: but I marvel the reformation was not effected in earlier times. What! has not every one of my predecessors upon the throne, indulged in his

hours of retirement, not with one, but many mistresses, while their faithful subjects looked on unconcerned? The old dotards, who, in the frost of years, sought the hired blandishments of slaves—they, forsooth! were not to blame. No: it was reserved for a young king, even for myself, to feel the effects of the people's virtuous indignation for daring to love! And who is the apostle that preaches against the sin, and seeks punishment for the offence? By Santiago! even a bastard—even the fruit of the commerce it is meant to chastise. You, my prince and cousin, can easily discern how well turbulent and ambitious spirits can find pretexts to cover their designs."

"That I well know," replied the prince, "wherever your saintly sinners commence the work of reformation. But then, Sir King, how will you answer for the many lives sacrificed at your command?"

"The many, do you say?" harshly exclaimed Don Pedro; "by heavens! they were too few,

since so many traitors yet remain to hear with pleasure that their rightful king is now a suppliant wanderer! No, my good cousin—no: I was not wantonly cruel, though, as ye say, many have lost their lives; it was their own seeking—they chose to be rebellious, and I to be just—blood has abundantly flowed in Castile, yet more and more must flow before the kingdom be cleansed from treason."

"Nay, Sir King, those sentiments I fain trust, do no longer sway your breast," said Edward.

"I will speak the truth," said the king, with stern composure, "these are in sooth my sentiments."

"With sorrow, then, do I hear you avow them," observed the prince; "for, although I may gain battles for you, never shall Castile be happy and tranquil until you be willing to rule with milder sway."

By this time they had arrived at the entrance of Bordeaux, and dismounted at the monastery

of Saint Andrew, where the prince then held his court. Don Pedro and his daughters soon retired, to array themselves according to their rank; and shortly after, together with the gallant Ferran de Castro and the Maestre de Alcantara, they were presented by Edward to his noble consort and her ladies.

A royal banquet had been prepared for the illustrious guests, to which the principal knights were invited. The ample goblet sparkled with generous wine; many wondrous deeds of arms were recounted; the song of minstrels resounded through the hall, and the carousal was kept up till late at night, to the general satisfaction of the revellers. Don Pedro, heartily pleased with the reception he had met with, lost for a time the bitter thoughts that were but ill-disguised in all his words and actions, and he at length retired to repose, full of the brightest anticipations of the future.

CHAPTER X.

THE INVASION.

Dica di lui le gloriose imprese
Il magnanimo spirto, il cor guerriero.
METASTASIO.

" Though few their numbers—theirs the strife
That neither spares nor speaks for life!—
—Friends meet to part—Love laughs at faith—
True foes once met, are joined till death."
BYRON.

THE Prince of Wales now directed all his energies to the successful accomplishment of the enterprise in which he had engaged. He was at

that time in the summer of life, in glowing health, and naturally strong in constitution. That dauntless courage which had ever distinguished him in the field, was now tempered, and rendered still more formidable by the lessons of time and experience.

The free companions had assembled to the number of twelve thousand, and all the lords and knights of his court were busied in collecting and organizing their respective companies for the approaching expedition. These preparations were the source of immense expense, and the prince prudently considered that the pay and rewards of his followers ought to be secured before any movements of importance were undertaken.

They were on the point of entering a foreign land, in behalf of a prince who had rendered himself odious to his subjects, most of whom it was expected would take up arms to oppose his restoration to the throne. The Castilians were, besides, seconded by a brave army of French-

men under the command of the celebrated Duguesclin.

Thus the prince was aware that his brave companions would have to contend with every difficulty; that their operations would be continually checked, in a country so decidedly hostile, by want of supplies. Money was of the first importance. He therefore summoned his council to deliberate upon the measures necessary to be adopted, and first submitted his own sentiments;

"My lords, we are now on the point of engaging in a war, which cannot but be highly gratifying to that noble courage by which you have ever been distinguished. Although the conduct of the banished king has been made to appear reprehensible, and even criminal, yet I am conscious it has been exaggerated, and that our exertions on his behalf are founded on justice and honour. That victory will crown our efforts, is a consummation that I hail as certain, when I behold myself surrounded by so many warriors, so universally and so justly re-

nowned. As liege lord, I have summoned the free companions from the service of Don Enrique; for we having now espoused the cause of his enemy, their longer adherence to him might be attended with unpleasant results.

"Still I will not oblige any one to follow the fortunes of Edward, unless his heart so prompt him. I claim not the services of any one for an undertaking of which his conscience or his judgment may disapprove. Speak, then, your sentiments, and speak them boldly."

"By Saint George! my liege and honoured prince," cried Sir John Chandos, "you surely cannot intend to grieve your faithful knights by such derogatory doubts. What, shall it ever be said that Edward of Wales, who conquered at Cressy and Poitiers,—he who was no less brave and fortunate, than beloved and honoured, should enter upon an expedition in which *one*, even *one* of his true knights refused to be partaker of his perils and his glory? No, my honoured prince, never! Together we have conquered in France;

together, then, let us hasten to gather laurels in Castile. There can be but one opinion on this subject. Do justice to the sentiments of your friends and servants!"

These words were greeted with warm acclamations, and the prince, sensibly affected by this testimony of their unanimous approbation, drew a glowing picture of the success which awaited their enterprise. Don Pedro and his Castilian attendants were now invited to attend the council, as their presence was indispensable. Don Pedro took his place on the right of the prince; Ferran and his companions occupied the places allotted to them. Silence being then obtained, Edward rose to address the king of Castile.

"Sir King, my faithful knights have, with one accord, agreed to give their aid to effect the recovery of your inheritance. We shall make ready with that activity which best beseems those whose lives are devoted to the cause of honour. Yet, my duty to my vassals and

friends, commands me to enter upon an examination of the means we have of carrying our enterprise into effect. Persuaded of the propriety of my determination, I have obtained the loan of large sums from England; and I have likewise caused the greatest portion of my plate to be converted into coin, to cover the expenses of this expedition: yet these supplies will not prove sufficient for such an undertaking. We must enter Spain not only rich in courage and resolution, but in wealth, or I shall expose my gallant soldiers to all the inconveniences of want and privation, in a country where we shall be regarded as the most hateful of enemies."

A pause followed, which was shortly, however, interrupted by Sir John Chandos.

"Our prince," said the knight, "is kind in consulting the convenience of his followers. My men are not rich, yet may perhaps not encroach upon the prince's bounty; but if my humble opinion be at all regarded—"

" Speak, Sir Knight! speak!" simultaneously cried his companions.

" It is but just," resumed Sir John, " that the King of Castile, for whose sake and profit this adventure is to be encountered, should now unfold his views with respect to the indemnification of the allies that are going to combat for him, and shed their best blood in his own quarrel."

" My brother in arms," cried Sir William Felton, " hath expressed the common sentiment of all. Our troops are not mercenary, but they must be provided wherewithal to live, if we expect them to do their duty in battle; for ourselves we ask nothing."

" Besides," interposed Sir Robert Knolles, " the free companions who have abandoned a most profitable service, ought to be secure of an adequate remuneration."

" Ay! in troth, they must," rejoined Sir Hugh Calverley. " We have quitted Trastamara, who, however faulty in other respects,

doth certainly most generously repay those who do him good service."

The prince turned to Don Pedro: "Sir King," he said, "you have heard the sentiments of my supporters freely given; it becometh you now to give an answer equally free and sincere. For myself I claim no other reward in this expedition, than the honour and glory attendant on my deeds; but for my troops, justice requires that a due understanding should be had regarding their emoluments."

"Dear cousin," replied Don Pedro, "your demand is according to strict equity; nor is there aught to surprise the King of Castile, who, however fallen in his fortunes, doth not verily wish to be considered a beggar coming to beseech the pity of strangers. No, no: the sentiments of your knights shall meet with an equal frank and liberal answer. I have, alas! not saved my treasure, which, by the negligence of Martin Yañez—for which negligence, by the way, he shall suffer in due time—fell into the power

of my enemies. Yet have I brought along with me many bars of gold and silver, besides the jewels of my crown, which are of no mean value, all of which shall be forthwith at your disposal. Moreover, I am fully sensible this can be no adequate reward for the services which you offer me; but, on my sword, and by my royal word, I swear, that when I again mount the throne, from which I was most traitorously driven, I will satisfy to the uttermost the demands made by my brave allies. The Princess Doña Costanza, and Doña Isabel, shall be hostages for the accomplishment of this contract."

"My lord, you speak well," said the prince. "For the surplus of the debt, should any remain, I myself will become your surety!"

"By my head," replied Don Pedro, overjoyed, "you do me great kindness."

Every thing being now ready for the expedition, the prince, with the greatest part of his gallant army, left Bordeaux, and proceeded

towards the frontier. Near Dax he was met by his younger brother, the Duke of Lancaster, who had landed in Bretagne, with the reinforcements he had brought from England, and marched through Poictiers and Santogne.

They were now entering the terrible and rugged passes of the Pyrenean mountains, where the winter had already commenced in all its rigour. As they marched by Roncesvalles, what emotions were excited in the breasts of the Spaniards! It was there that Bernardo del Carpio defeated Charlemagne, with the flower of French chivalry, and by this glorious act, handed down to posterity an imperishable memorial of his own fame, and his country's valour. Huge rocks, narrow defiles, and tortuous ravines, made their progress extremely difficult. Still, with dauntless perseverance and steady patience, knights, and squires, and archers, slowly toiled on their way. A deathlike silence prevailed through those vast solitudes, save when a shrill scream proclaimed that the dull owl was startled

in his heavy slumber, or when the hungry wolf, prowling about for his prey, gave one long, dismal howl, which reverberated along the wilderness. In separate divisions the army was seen winding along the line of march, whilst the neighing of horses and the glitter of armour now broke in upon the deadly monotony which had just before prevailed.

No sign of life could be descried; the herds and flocks, that in the summer months served agreeably to diversify that picturesque and majestic scenery, had now retired to the southern pastures, to take shelter from the inclemency of winter. Now and then a wretched hovel was half visible almost buried in the snow; but upon a nearer approach the fatigued trooper had the disappointment to find it deserted. During the day, however, the glowing rays of the sun, dancing upon the polished armour and glittering casques, served to cheer and enliven those tranquil solitudes. But at night, when the moon shone with a pale, sickly brightness

on the immense masses of snow which crowned the mountains, and the cold grew still more piercing, the soldiers made huge fires to protect themselves from the chilling night-winds, and from the depredations of the hungry and ravenous animals that haunted the recesses of the mountains, and whose dismal howling created a strange feeling in the minds of the superstitious soldiery.

Then was heard the monotonous scream of the night-bird, and sometimes, on a projecting rock or pointed crag, the wolf was seen baying dismally at the moon, but at the sight of the roaring fire, he vanished like a phantom. The wily fox, on the contrary, was observed with steady step silently approaching the place where the sound of voices encouraged the hopes of plunder. Sometimes he would approach near enough to be surprised by the alert archer, who, with sure and deadly aim, directed his arrow, and brought the incautious intruder to the earth.

But the difficulties of the march were at length surmounted, and the army was now rapidly approaching Pamplona, the general place of meeting. Here it was reported that the King of Navarre, according to the natural inconsistency of his character, had, despite of his solemn promise to grant a free passage to the troops through his dominions, altered his mind, and secretly treated with Don Enrique. This inconvenience, however, was speedily removed: the prince dispatched Sir Hugh Calverley, with a strong body of the free companions, who took by assault the town of Miranda. This salutary chastisement induced the King of Navarre to send a nobleman to the prince to make excuses for his conduct, which averted the further consequences of Edward's resentment.

The army was now divided into three corps; the first commanded by the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos, the second by the prince himself, while Don Pedro took the third. A corps

de reserve was also formed, and commanded by Don Jayme, King of Majorca.

On the other side, the army of Don Enrique, under his own immediate command, was encamped near Burgos, and presented a most formidable display. It consisted of three thousand barbed horses, seven thousand warders, and twenty thousand men at arms, containing the flower of the nations of Castile, Galicia, Portugal, and the Sicilies. Besides these terrible bodies, he had ten thousand cross-bow-men, and fifteen thousand foot, all well appointed, and in excellent condition for immediate service.

In the whole, Don Enrique had on his side a gallant body of a hundred thousand men, commanded by some of the most experienced as well as most valiant chiefs of the time.

When Don Enrique considered the strength of his forces, and the support he had received from all classes, he felt convinced of the success of his cause. He saw no reason for alarm in the

reports daily brought to him by the fugitive peasantry of the martial bearing of the enemy; for he had been informed that the forces of his rival for the crown did not amount to more than one-third of those under his command. These tidings, together with the fiery courage of his disposition, and the hatred he bore his brother, made him naturally anxious to bring the contest to an issue with the utmost expedition. He was now pacing the palace at Burgos with a restless step, and turning to his favourite, Don Alvar—

"My good friend," he said, "how much longer are we to bear the insolence of the dethroned despot? Are we to attend his coming to the city? By Santiago, I cannot longer brook this restraint put upon my inclinations!"

"Señor," replied Don Alvar, "my opinion is the same as your own; I think that every minute we lose is detrimental to our cause: however, the great warriors and knights, whose

courage cannot be called in question, and whose experience ought to be respected, seem to entertain a different view of the subject."

"The Lord forgive them!" quoth Trastamara; "what have we to fear, when we are three times as strong, and, in point of courage, methinks, at least equal? It is true they have valiant knights and veteran troops in their ranks;—so have we. If they have *El Principe Negro*,* we have Bertrand Duguesclin; and to the vaunted courage of Don Pedro, surely Don Enrique's will not be considered inferior. As for those English *caballeros*, we shall soon see if their deserts be as great as fame would persuade us!"

"By my honour," said Don Alvar, "it puzzles me strangely to account for this disinclination for an immediate engagement on the part of our French allies; but, according to your Highness's order, a council has been summoned, and the members thereof shall soon be

* The Black Prince.

assembled, to explain and sustain their several opinions."

In the course of the same day the large Gothic hall of the Alcazar of Burgos was thronged with plumed warriors and robed prelates, who, being all much interested in the support of Don Enrique, eagerly crowded to the place. The king, Don Enrique, took his seat, and, casting a proud look around, felt much satisfaction at the display of great and powerful personages interested in his cause. There was the terrible Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, and the renowned Marshal of Andreghen: next appeared the Begue de Villaines and the Count de Rochebreton, and many other illustrious foreigners. Then, amongst the Castilians, in the gay confusion of various dress and ornament, might be seen the two princes, Don Tello and Don Sancho, brothers of Trastamara, together with the Maestres de Calatraba and Santiago; Don Alvar de Lara, and a nu-

merous assemblage of prelates, grandees, and *ricos-homes*.

"My faithful subjects and allies," said Don Enrique, "you are here assembled to decide upon the expediting of the present measures for conducting the war. I confide every hope to your approved loyalty and valour; and having such confidence, it is my earnest desire immediately to march and meet the enemy: yet I wil hearken to the reasons, and ponder the objections, which in your wisdom and experience you may think it necessary to make. Don Tello, are your men in readiness?"

"Yes, my liege and brother," replied Don Tello; "and better men few companies can boast—all determined Biscayans and Catalonians, and most of them volunteers from my own country."

"Then the sooner we act the better," resumed the king. "My lords, ye know full well the treason of our cousin the King of Navarre."

"Treason! my liege?" cried Duguesclin, surprised.

"Ay! Sir Bertrand, treason most rank, when I depended upon the assurances of his alliance and support. He grants the free passage of the Roncesvalles to the enemy; methinks this is a vile proceeding."

"Let us be just, my liege," returned Bertrand Duguesclin; "every sovereign is free to act: he did not permit the passage, but was compelled thereto by the strength of the enemy, who seized upon his towns."

"Well," returned Trastamara, "at present we will let it pass: let us now reflect on our own situation. The Black Prince once in Spain, who shall answer for the result, unless we hasten to check his course in the commencement? We must consider that the wavering towns and villages may declare for the tyrant, if they be not immediately convinced that we are the stronger. Delay will prove fatal to the success of our cause. The advantages are at present all on our

side. Let us, then, hasten to the field, and crush our foe, before he becomes more powerful by the desertion of the disaffected."

"Desertion! there can be none among my men," proudly observed Duguesclin.

"Nor will the Castilians prove false in the hour of trial!" cried several voices, somewhat indignantly.

"My friends," resumed the king, "I mean not to offend your loyalty—of the honour and courage that reigns amongst you I am firmly satisfied. No: my fears are more for some of those termed *ricos-homes*, and the country people, who would never decidedly declare themselves for either party. However, they can little harm us; to-morrow, so God be pleased, we will boldly advance to meet the enemy. Don Pedro will then learn how we stand affected by his strange invasion of a kingdom which will never—no, so help me God—submit again to his command!"

"Sire, Sire!" warmly interposed the Marshal

of Andreghen, "let the voice of a true and well known warrior be heard, before you take this resolution. Consider, Don Enrique, that what is here said is prompted by the best intentions. I must speak out!—a battle should, as yet, be deferred. Our forces, it is true, are numerous and well proved; yet it would be wiser to wait for the re-inforcement expected every day from Valencia, than to risk all by the event of a single action. Besides, we have other resources far more efficacious for harrassing the enemy, without risking a battle. Remember, Don Enrique, we are opposed to Edward of Wales, the formidable Black Prince, accompanied by his best knights, the flower of chivalry, all hardy combatants, inured to war, and accustomed to victory. Weigh this well in your mind. Certes, you cannot surmise that we are loth to encounter the foe, even were they doubly more terrible; but yet, when no imperious necessity urges us, let us avail ourselves of our advantages, and harrass the enemy with all the

manœuvres of war, rather than attack them fresh and vigorous in open field. Guard all the passes and narrow defiles; let all communications be intercepted, and misery and famine will then assist us more than force of arms. We are masters of the country--we can have exact intelligence of all the enemy's movements; then let us not again squander fruitlessly away the advantages we have of meeting them on equal terms."

"Sir Marshal," replied Don Enrique, "in God's name, so shall it be! I have no dread of Prince Edward's army, great as he is, and famed as are his knights. I trust, that through the grace of God and the holy Santiago, assisted by your well-proved companions in arms, we shall soon behold the enemy dispersed, the hopes of the tyrant crushed, and we ourselves returning triumphantly to our court at Seville: so, my noble friends, I pray ye be of good courage."

The king having thus declared his firm resolution to advance against the enemy, no further

attempt was made to oppose his inclination. The assembly accordingly dispersed, some displeased, but the greater number highly satisfied with the issue of the debate.

Born and trained in that martial spirit, that chivalric enthusiasm, that thirst after fame, which formed the feature of the age, nobles, knights, and squires were alike eager to come to an engagement. Thus the experience of the prudent Marshal D'Andreghen was overruled. Burgos presented a very animated picture: a continual bustle of preparation was kept alive during the day; and by the enthusiasm and alacrity displayed by the troops, no less than by the apparent devotedness of the inhabitants to Don Enrique, it seemed beyond doubt, that the cause of Don Pedro was become desperate. Indeed, the greater part proudly entertained the idea, that the renowned Black Prince came in evil hour to tarnish that high renown and chivalric glory, which had, till then, constantly attended him.

Under this impression, the several corps began slowly to leave the city, according to the instructions they had received. The advanced guard dispersed at the close of evening, amidst the blessings of the people, whilst the king and the mass of the army deferred their departure till the following day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ADVENTURE.

O blest, who in the battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies.
Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the South this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war!

MOORE.

THE shadows of evening were fast descending, as the Black Prince entered the town of Salvatierra. The country around appeared perfectly tranquil, and the approach of Don Pedro

caused no other commotion, than that of impelling the greater part of the inhabitants to abandon their dwellings. All fled towards the towns occupied by the troops of Don Enrique, with the exception of some of the villages that, either from fear or inclination, at the approach of the banished king sallied out to receive him with demonstrations of joy at his return.

"My good cousin," said the prince to Don Pedro, "the time approaches when your fortunes will be decided; but what are we to augur from the apparent desertion of the country?"

"Nothing but the doubts and uncertainty into which these rebellious curs are thrown. Indeed they are in a most unpleasant predicament, not knowing on which side to rely: however, we will soon endeavour to remove their scruples, and convince them in a manner, perchance, but little to their liking."

Great difficulties occurred in obtaining provisions, and receiving faithful intelligence of the

position and number of the enemy's army. This annoyed the prince exceedingly. As he could adopt no decisive measures to obviate this inconvenience, he resolved to send a chosen body of men to reconnoitre the country, and make him acquainted with the movements of the enemy.

"Sir Knight," he said to Sir William Felton, who was seen then approaching him, "you see the perplexities to which we are reduced in default of faithful intelligence, and the distress the soldiers suffer for want of abundant and wholesome food."

"My liege," replied Sir William, "in troth it was the same subject that brought me now to your highness. Murmurs of discontent already begin to be heard amongst the free companions, who brook but indifferently their scanty rations, when added to the many hardships they have already sustained. They are eager enough to engage in some bold and hazardous adventure, but not to follow the march of the army.

exposed to all the difficulties of a protracted campaign."

"By St. George," cried the prince, "and they shall have their wish. I was myself reflecting on the expediency of dispatching a brave body to reconnoitre the enemy's camp; and surely, from their adventurous disposition and system of warfare, none can be found better than the free companions."

"My prince, I further came to crave the honour of being numbered in the expedition."

"Sir Knight," returned the prince, "amongst the numerous host of true and valorous knights that grace my court, it would be difficult to select the best, where all are almost equally deserving and equally capable of conducting an hazardous adventure; yet, were I to choose, certes, Sir William Felton should be the man. His steady courage and prudence are the best securities for the prosperous issue of the undertaking; therefore, Sir William, on you shall devolve all the danger and honour of the enterprise."

"My liege, it shall be my pride to render myself worthy of your confidence: I will speed me to make ready."

"What men, think you, will be sufficient?"

"Your highness will decide; I will but obey."

"Let the free companions, then," returned Edward, "be honoured with the choice, selecting, likewise, some from the other bodies, to avoid jealousies. Let there be chosen a party of one hundred and fifty men at arms, and three hundred of my good archers, and see that they be well mounted."

This being resolved upon, Sir William Felton hastened to communicate with his brothers, Sir Robert Knolles and other knights, who were to accompany him. The men were soon ready to march, and scarcely had the first glimmer of morn shewn itself upon the horizon, than the gallant adventurers, with light hearts, set out on their bold expedition. Gradually the day appeared, unfolding to their view the surrounding

of conviction. They stood fixed to the ground, without moving a limb, nay, keeping their eyes directed towards the instrument which Sir Robert wielded with such admirable ease and satisfaction. "And now," resumed the knight, "prepare to answer the questions that shall be made, without the least prevarication; for lying, my good friends, is a most vile propensity, and I am likely to visit harshly those who resort to it. You, our ancient," he added, turning to the elder peasant, "you seem to be the head of the family, so we cannot obtain information from a better source. To whom do these possessions belong?"

"To whom do these belong!" repeated the *patan*,* looking wise, and scratching his head for a suitable answer: "why, Señor Caballero, to whom should they belong?—I am master here."

"None of your tricks," replied Sir Robert; "I cautioned you to beware of prevarication, which I abominate as much as downright

* Peasant.

falsehood. Who is your lord? Now answer, before I enforce my question upon your capacious skull!"

The peasant cast a look on the battle-axe. "Oh, Virgen Santa! who is my lord, you mean? I first was a retainer of Don Garcia Ornesa; but he is now dead, the good señor—he was a gallant cavalier. Few *ricos-homes** were more kind-hearted towards his *vassallos* than Don Garcia."

"Silence, prater!" cried Sir Robert; "here is a precious dog, who thinks to cajole me with a long-winded history about his master! Now, answer directly, and to the purpose; to whom does this *cortijo* and land belong?"

There was something in the determined voice and manner of the knight, that convinced the *patan* of the impropriety of delaying a direct reply; so he very sullenly answered—

"They belong to Don Lope de Horozco."

"Very well," said Sir Robert, addressing Sir William Felton, who had now come up with

the rest of the party, "Don Lope de Horozco is one of the most zealous partizans of Don Enrique; so, in all conscience, we may make free with his property, and leave him to settle accounts with these boors. Hallo, friends! these pasturages and messuages seem to be most plentifully stocked. Now, I shall be moderate in my demands. Go and see that as many oxen, and sheep, and poultry, are killed forthwith, as will serve to feed four hundred and fifty gallant men with very good appetites!"

"*Valame el Señor!*" cried the peasant, astonished, "four hundred and fifty men!"

"Exactly," returned Sir Robert, in a bantering tone. "And if you have any doubt, good friend, I shall allow you to count them; after which you must make the best speed possible. No, stop, methinks I might as well ease you of the trouble—some of my good archers will do the job with greater expedition."

Upon this some of the free companions, who adhered so well to the spirit of their name,

began to ransack the several out-houses, and a scene of whimsical confusion ensued. Oxen began to bellow, sheep to bleat, curs to bark, the whole kingdom of the poultry, with their haughty monarch at its head, began to send forth bitter lamentations. Indeed, the peaceful tenants of the various departments of the farm, scared at the appearance of the murder-looking invaders, began in concert to enter a protest against their proceedings. But it was all to no purpose. Spite of the clamour of the victims, and the dismal looks of the human inmates of the *cortijo*, the free companions went briskly to work: no mercy, no compassion was shewn. Ruefully the *labrador** and his family looked on the fearful spectacle, but ventured upon no other means of exhibiting their sorrow, than pious exclamations to all the inhabitants of heaven!

The free companions, meantime, continued

* Husbandman—farmer.

their operations, without troubling themselves about the various exclamations which they from time to time elicited. Huge fires were soon kindled; and here again the visage of the host acquired an additional grimace; for the free gentry made quite as free with the straw and timber of the farm, as they had before done with the quadrupeds and fowls.

By this means an abundant, if not a delicate dinner was prepared *impromptu*, to which all the party sat down with unusual alacrity. They soon grew convivial, and began to bandy jokes in great hilarity of spirits.

"Now, friends," said Sir Robert to the peasants, "we can do nothing less than invite you to partake of the cheer. Come, come, be merry and social."

This invitation was answered only by a deep growl from the ancient, and with heavy sighs from the younger portion.

"Nay, Sir Robert," said Sir William Felton, whose gravity of character and goodness of na-

ture greatly exceeded his companion's, "let the poor fellows alone. Why, were they to eat of this fare, I am sure they would suffer indigestion; for, however good a feast may be, a man is apt to lose his appetite, when invited under circumstances like the present."

The work of demolition was carried on very actively, seasoned by sundry jokes, each of which was answered by a mental curse from the forced spectators of the scene.

"Honest people," now said Sir Robert, "to what party do you belong? Answer plainly."

"Party!" quoth the farmer, "bless your honour, I can't understand you—we know nothing of parties."

"Ay! by my honour, I see you are a sly dog: whom do you like, Don Pedro, or Don Enrique? Now, that at least cannot be above your comprehension—to which side are you friendly?"

This was an awkward question: there was

peril in the guess; and the worthies began to look at each other in a miserable plight.

"Answer quickly!" said Sir Robert: "to which party are you attached?"

"To neither!" sheepishly replied one of the young lads.

"To neither! Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed the knight with warmth. "Do you mean to play the fool with me?"

"Oh, no, Señor!" said the brother, alarmed; "Antonio is *un innocente**—he knows not what he says."

"Well, that plea shall hold him excused: then you, who are no doubt the sharp one of the family, answer me."

"Si, Señor!" said the lad.

"Whom do you favour, Don Pedro, or Don Enrique?"

"Both!" replied the bumpkin, undauntedly, and well satisfied.

* An innocent, a simpleton.

"Both!—Now, Sir William, what think you of these clod-poles?"

"*Valgame San Pedro*," interposed the father. "My good Caballero, don't mind the boys—what do they understand of wars, and cavaliers, and kings? Heaven bless them, they are as ignorant as little children."

"Oh, very well—then may-hap you will be able to give a better answer, my master; tell me then, to whose party do you belong?"

"To yours!" was the confident reply.

"Rascal!" cried Sir Robert, "don't think to impose upon me."

"Impose upon you! Blessed be St. John," exclaimed the peasant, "that I, miserable man, should list to do aught so hazardous! sure enow you belong to one of the two great parties, my good Caballeros?"

"Yes! but I greatly desire to learn of thee which that is, seeing that you belong to it?"

"Heaven defend us!" ejaculated the boor,

with a stupid stare—"Why don't you know your own party? sure you must be making merry with a poor man."

"A shrewd dog," said Sir William Felton, "let him go in peace."

"With all my heart," replied Sir Robert; "but his beef and poultry are too good to escape so easily; we must even do honour to the fare by taking with us a supply."

At this alarming threat, still greater discontent was exhibited by their worthy host, which being observed by the knight,

"Beshrew my soul," he exclaimed, "if the clout doth not look displeased at the friendly proposal. How's this, man? you ought, in good sooth, to feel overjoyed at assisting those of your own party?"

"Oh! bless your honour," replied the farmer, "and so I am; but consider that to-morrow I may have some more of my own party coming this way. Now, if every new

comer expects the same abundance, I may as well troop off at once, rather than remain here to behold the ruin of all my stock."

"Be of good courage, master," returned Sir Robert, "and submit with a grace; for you will chance to learn before long, that these little inconveniences are unavoidable amongst friends."

As all further expostulation would be so much time lost, the tenants of the *cortijo* took refuge in a sullen silence, contenting themselves with secretly cursing the unceremonious adventurers, as they selected what was best calculated to supply their wants. Every thing being arranged, the free companions set off, their number being augmented by the four-footed and winged recruits which they had forced into the service. Slowly and silently they continued their march, for it was enjoined them to perform their task with the utmost secresy. With this view, they prudently detained every straggler they encountered, but despite of all precautions, they were sometimes

baffled by the activity and cunning of those who escaped, and hurried to sound the alarm in the neighbouring villages and farms.

Thus, upon the arrival of the party, they generally found the places deserted, or everything that might be necessary to them concealed.

Meantime Don Enrique, having left Burgos at the head of a numerous and gallant army, had crossed the river Ebro, and pitched his camp in a most advantageous position, within a short distance of the village of Navarete. Here he determined, according to the advice of Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, and the rest of his chiefs, to oppose the further progress of the invading army. Trastamara and his allies had been deceived in the number of the enemy, by the intelligence of scouts, who, with the best intentions, continued to give a very exaggerated description of them. The body of Sir William Felton had been represented as a numerous army of forty thousand men, for in passing muster the four hundred and fifty adventurers had increased

in a most surprising manner. Every peasant who caught a glimpse of them gratuitously added to their number a thousand men. Thus Don Enrique felt assured that Don Pedro himself, accompanied by the Black Prince, was rapidly approaching to offer battle. This erroneous impression induced him and his advisers, not to move a step in advance, but to await the arrival of the forty thousand men. The free companions, little aware of the importance attached to their division, were now in a sorry plight for want of provisions. During two days they had continued to advance, exposed to all the difficulties and distresses arising from the terror and ill-will of the inhabitants. Sir William Felton, observing the discontent which prevailed amongst some of his followers, endeavoured to counteract the evil tendency, by opening to them a prospect of action.

"My brave companions," he said, "the time is now come when it is necessary to strike some desperate blow. I am sensible your gallant

spirit kindles at the prospect of a perilous adventure, and to such a point are we now arrived. Unless we be deceived, I have no doubt we are near the enemy, who according to our information lies encamped near Navarete. From its vicinity to the camp this place must be plentifully supplied with stores of every description; by a bold and desperate *coup de main* we must surprise it, and we shall both possess ourselves of what we require, and by the capture of prisoners, also learn the position, strength, and resources of the enemy."

To this proposal the free companions joyfully assented, for the nature of the undertaking accorded well with their reckless courage, and their adventurous turn of mind.

"But my brave companions!" resumed Sir William, "to obtain success in our emprize, great precaution must be observed. We will divide our forces, and attack the village at different points. My brother, the Lord Thomas, with a choice party of reserve, will occupy

yonder hill, which commands the village, whilst Sir Robert Knolles and myself will lead the other two bodies to the attack."

With much alacrity and buoyancy of spirits, they set out on their adventure, marching at a very slow pace in order that they might not fatigue their horses, not wishing to draw near the enemy before nightfall. Thus they had proceeded for some time, when towards evening the village of Navarete appeared dimly in the distance. Everything around was quiet; a confused, distant hum, alone was perceptible, whilst a shadowy city of low, white tents could be distinguished. It was the camp of Don Enrique. From the extent of ground which it occupied, Sir William computed that the forces of the enemy were extremely formidable. The sight, however, far from striking a panic into the hearts of the companions, only seemed to act as an additional incentive to their courage and resolution. They now halted under the cover of a wood, and

completed their preparations, after which they again advanced in three separate bodies; Lord Thomas hastened to occupy the hill, while Sir William and Sir Robert marched boldly towards the village.

Night had closed in, and its darkness greatly favoured the intention of the adventurers; they arrived at the very entrance of the place before any of the sentinels were aware of their approach. Indeed, the soldiers and inhabitants were so far from suspecting the intended attack, that they were giving themselves up to joy and revelry. Sir William and his daring party heard the sound of mirth and minstrelsy commingled with loud bursts of laughter, as they forced their way through the feeble barriers, and drove in the dismayed picquets. In the midst of the gay dance and festivity, the alarm was sounded, "*Al armas! Ingleses!—Ingleses!*"* The warning came too late, the free companions were already in pos-

* To arms! The English.

session of the village, and were dashing, with resistless impetuosity, through the streets, cutting down all who opposed their progress.

Trumpets and drums were now heard on all sides, summoning the surprised Spaniards to arms. Don Tello, who commanded the vanguard, was the first who recovered sufficiently to offer resistance to the invaders. With a chosen party of horse, he made a desperate charge upon the enemy, and for a time succeeded in checking their advance. But it was impossible to dislodge the English from the place; they fought with a pertinacity bordering on desperation; twice repulsed, they came again to the assault, and at length succeeded in possessing themselves of Navarete, and driving the troops of Don Tello back upon the main body of the army. The inhabitants fled in the utmost confusion, abandoning their property to the mercy of the invaders.

By these means, great wealth, arms, and

ammunition, together with many prisoners, fell into the power of Sir William, who immediately despatched them under a strong escort to his brother, and the corps of reserve who still occupied the hill. While the freebooters were looking to their spoil, the fugitives from the scene of their defeat arrived at the camp with the dismal tidings. Don Enrique, in a paroxysm of rage, swore no one of the adventurers should escape alive, and with the utmost expedition Sir Bertrand Duguesclin selected a body of four thousand cavaliers to dislodge the bold invaders from their position, whilst another numerous body prepared to follow, not being aware of the small number of the enemy.

The night was far spent, and soon the dawn began to appear, when Sir William Felton saw the imprudence of remaining in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's camp.

"My brave comrades," he said, "the feat of daring courage has been achieved—we can no

longer tarry here with safety; let us, then, before we be compelled, try to effect an honourable retreat."

They now left Navarete, incumbered with booty, and proceeded on their retreat in a most orderly manner. They soon, however, perceived that they were closely pursued by a numerous body of the enemy.

"By St. George!" cried Sir Robert Knolles, "what a storm we have raised; there they are, close upon us. I wonder if his highness of Castile intends to bring all his forces into the field against us?"

"Ay! if I mistake not," said Sir William, "those cavaliers in advance carry the pennon of Sir Bertrand and his Frenchmen. By the mass! it shall never be said that English knights and archers fled before those whom custom has always taught the contrary. Come, we cannot avoid a rencontre, so let us meet it; we shall keep their advance in check, and afford time

to secure the retreat of our prisoners and booty."

"Ay! and in good courtesy," returned Sir Robert, "we ought to do something on our side to expedite the meeting."

The gallant companions halted, and sent off their booty and remaining prisoners to Lord Thomas, with orders to make his retreat; and then choosing an advantageous position, they awaited the enemy's approach, commanded by Don Tello, who came briskly to the attack. They were received by a deadly discharge of arrows from the English bowmen, and in the ensuing confusion were charged by Sir William with resistless impetuosity. The Spaniards, nevertheless, fought with unexampled resolution; although from the disorder which appeared amongst them, they could not long have maintained their ground, had not a second division arrived under the command of Don Alvar de Lara. But Sir William and his men, though against double

their forces, maintained their high reputation, and charged, with a small troop, under cover of the deadly discharge of their archers, with such effect, that the enemy were irresolute in what manner to proceed.

Sir Bertrand Duguesclin now came up with his best cavaliers, and seeing the small force they had to contend with, extended his flanks in order to surround the gallant combatants. Sir William cast a wary look on the formidable array, and turning to Sir Robert Knolles, "Sir Knight," he said, "a successful retreat seems utterly out of our power, seeing what we have to contend with; it now only remains for us to teach our enemy that they have to deal with Englishmen."

"By St. George, Sir William," answered the knight, "you say truly. I fear we have seen the last of our battles;" with that he struck the spurs into his horse, and followed by his men, plunged again into the advancing squadron. The space in which they fought was getting

narrower every moment; the greater number of the companions were stretched on the ground, and every thing foretold a speedy termination of the affray. In this emergency Sir William cast his eyes toward the road that Lord Thomas had taken, in hopes that part of the division under his command might come to his assistance. But Sir Bertrand Duguesclin had intercepted every communication: whilst that formidable knight himself, aware that the companions, harassed and fatigued as they were, must at length sink under the efforts of superior numbers, took care to prevent their escape, and left the troops already engaged to make them prisoners.

Thus Sir William and his brave but unfortunate companions seemed doomed to perish; yet still they fought on with unabated vigour, till Don Tello, observing this obstinate resistance, cried aloud to Don Alvar,—

"How long, Don Alvar, are we to remain here opposed by a handful of men? By San-

tiago, we ought to have swallowed up these English robbers, long ere this—advance in the name of the king!"

Don Alvar, boiling to distinguish himself by some brilliant achievement, now applied spurs to his charger, and with his best knights made his way over the heaps of slain that strewed the place. The numbers of the enemy were exceedingly reduced, and Don Alvar, perceiving the pennon of Sir William still streaming proudly in the wind, rushed with headlong force against the English knight, who, already harassed by the protracted contest, and spent with fatigue, was not equal to the powerful onset. Don Alvar drove his spear against his noble foe, piercing shield and breast-plate. Sir William fell, man and horse to the ground, and was quickly surrounded by the enemy. Don Alvar in vain endeavoured to save the life of his noble adversary; but before he could interpose, the brave Sir William Felton, while entangled with his fallen steed, was slain by a Castilian

esquire. Lord Thomas, when he found what was taking place, returned with all the force he could detach with safety from the prisoners, and beheld the catastrophe with dismay. He made a desperate attempt to rescue the fallen knight; but being vigorously repulsed by Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, was obliged again to retreat. All the knights of Sir William's party were now slain, except Sir Robert Knolles, who, seeing no resource left, with infuriate courage and desperate resolution, cut his way through the surrounding foe, and, with the help of his powerful steed, escaped with a few followers. He succeeded afterwards in joining the Lord Felton, who with the utmost difficulty effected his retreat to Salvatierra, where the prince then held his head-quarters. They succeeded, however, in retaining all their booty and the prisoners taken at Navarete.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD ESCUDERO.

> " Rough in battle
> As the first Romans when they went to war;
> Yet, after victory more pitiful
> Than all their praying virgins left at home."
>
> DRYDEN.

THE Prince of Wales evinced great sorrow on hearing of the death of the gallant Sir William Felton; and considered the intelligence brought by Lord Thomas, together with the spoil and captives, far too dearly purchased with the loss of the brave knight and so many of his comrades. However, he found that the enemy were in great force, and nearer than he ex-

pected; which news was further confirmed next morning, by an assurance that they were actually advancing. The prince, turning to the knights, said—

"By my faith! this bastard Trastamara is a bold and gallant knight; his readiness in wishing to meet us plainly shews it. Since he is so valorously disposed, by St. George, we will not long gainsay his wishes!"

"Ay! dear cousin," cried Don Pedro, "the sooner the better: pity is it that time should be lost, when there is such good will on both sides."

"Still, through courtesy," resumed the prince, "I will dispatch a messenger with letters, demonstrating the injustice of his cause, and inviting him to relinquish his views before he venture the issue of a battle."

"Malaperte!" cried Don Pedro, mortified; "methinks this is no time for negotiation. Heaven defend my sweet cousin! I applaud your courtesy; but, do you suppose that my

traitor brother will be content to surrender Castile for a matter of courtesy?"

"No, I do not expect it," replied the prince; "yet it is meet that a parley should be sounded before actual hostilities commence. Let us try every resource, before we shed the blood of your own subjects. Remember they are Castilians."

"I can only remember them as rebels," exclaimed Don Pedro, fiercely.

"Sir King, it grieves me to see your vindictive spirit," returned the prince, seriously. "However, you will pardon me, if in this affair I follow my own counsel. Remember that my good name, till now unsullied, is here concerned; and, by St. George, I will stand staunch to the holy spirit of that knighthood to which it is my boast to belong."

"Fair cousin," returned Don Pedro, "use your good pleasure as it best becomes you. I can find nought to object to the wishes of my good kinsman and ally. But," he added with a sneer, "God in his mercy deliver you from

being the sovereign of turbulent and rebellious subjects; else, mayhap, that nice spirit of chivalry, wherewith your highness is graced, might sometimes be in most perilous jeopardy!"

Orders were now given, that the army should be in readiness on the following day to leave their quarters, and march upon Vittoria. Don Pedro seemed unusually agitated that evening after he had separated from the prince; nor could his faithful attendant assign any reason for so marked an alteration, since every thing wore a very favourable aspect, and a perfect cordiality and good understanding existed between them. Don Ferran, however, attributed this uneasiness to that awful feeling which subdues the human heart, when the crisis of some portentous event, in which great interests are involved, is nigh at hand.

"Señor," observed Ferran, after a pause, "pardon the obtrusive zeal of a faithful servant; but you betray a degree of disquietude that may well alarm your friends—"

"My friends!" repeated Don Pedro with a bitter tone of voice, "my friends!—where are they, Ferran?"

"Nay," replied the knight; "you do much wrong your servants: few they are, in troth; but still they are true. Besides, the noble conduct of the Black Prince, and his knights, ought certainly to convince Don Pedro that he is not devoid of friends."

"Tush! man," impatiently returned Don Pedro; "what has the courtesy of princes to do with the sentiment of friendship?—Enough—enough—I feel uneasy—I will not conceal the truth—I feel perplexed, annoyed, most exceedingly troubled."

"The cause, my honoured sovereign?"

"The cause!" echoed Don Pedro, looking steadily at the speaker: "the cause! can there be aught save *one* cause to fill the mind of Don Pedro of Castile?"

"Your misfortunes will soon have an end; the hour of battle approaches."

"Ay! it does, Heaven be praised," cried the king, with gloomy joy.

"Then the gallantry of the prince and his knights, the bravery and discipline of the troops, exclude the possibility of a discomfiture on our side."

"Of that I feel assured—"

"And Don Pedro, the rightful sovereign of Castile, despite of factious rebels, will be again replaced upon the throne."

"Even those hopes I fondly cherish, and make but little doubt they will be realized."

"Then, my noble lord, what can excite in your mind all this strange anxiety?"

"Ah, my friend!" cried Don Pedro emphatically, "skill—valour—victory—my restoration—all—all, will but little avail me, if *he* escape. Think, that wherever he goes, he carries with him the spirit of revolt, and the inordinate thirst of a crown, rendered doubly dear by having had it once upon his head; and think, likewise, that traitors will be found, when there

is an opportunity to direct his hellish machinations. No, no; as long as life fills our veins, Don Pedro and Trastamara cannot forego the hopes of mutual ruin. The death of one alone can give security and peace to the survivor. Nor is this my only pang; look at that cursed Frenchman, the bugbear, the hated Bertrand Duguesclin! Can I enjoy tranquillity whilst he exists? He has identified himself with the cause of my rebellious subjects; and even in the event of Trastamara's death, another fool might easily be found, and made the pretext of fresh treasons, robberies, and usurpations."

"Yes! I will not pretend to deny, that the enemies of your highness are numerous and unrelenting, when I see a nation like France willing to take up arms against you."

"Ay! France is too happy to send her beggarly adventurers to fatten on my territories.—Oh! it is policy's master-piece; she gets rid of all her scum and filth, which by a miraculous process in crossing the Pyrenees in

the *sacred* cause of foul revolt and usurpation, are converted into warriors and heroes.

"But enough of this—the time of action is nigh; and oh! that my strong arm, now doubly strong by the curse of accumulated wrongs and treasured vengeance, may direct me towards the fountain head of my misfortunes! I crave no other boon."

A sullen gloom overcast his fine countenance, and folding his arms, he paced up and down in visible agitation: he then suddenly stopped, and addressing Ferran, assumed a tone of gaiety and composure—

"Ferran, let us hope the best; I shall recover my crown; you will again embrace your mistress. By the way, she must be a wondrous beauty to have so deeply captivated a stern, austere knight, like Ferran de Castro: I shall have pleasure in acknowledging her deserts as it is most meet. We must see this paragon at court as soon as possible."

"Señor," replied De Castro, "it will be her

father's duty to comply with your highness's pleasure."

" Her father! oh, yes!—Don Egas," cried Don Pedro; " I marvel what is become of the old cavalier: he did not seem steady in his loyalty; and I should be in no way surprised if he had found it convenient to pay his homage to Trastamara."

" Never! Don Pedro, never!" cried the Castilian, with anger: " Don Egas has always borne in mind the proud family from which he claims descent. He will ever faithfully adhere to those principles he once embraced."

" Well, well," carelessly interposed the king, " I mean not to impeach his loyalty; but I have been so accustomed to see descendants of proud families shifting and changing, as it best suits their interest, that you must not marvel if I grow somewhat sceptical upon the point of adherence to principle."

" That your highness has powerful reasons

to doubt mankind, is but too true," returned Ferran; "yet for Don Egas de Vargas I would boldly pledge my life."

"Would you?" cried Don Pedro, smiling; "that in sooth is a piece of heroism bordering on madness! Never, Don Ferran, pledge your life upon the steadiness of any man; the stakes are so preposterously unequal. But Heaven forgive me! we are growing too grave and sententious; so let us cut the matter short: good night, and may sportive visions of your lovely lady grace your slumbers."

"Thank you, my lord; and if to wish good dreams be a mark of kindness, may yours be as brilliant as Ferran de Castro prays the morrow's reality may prove them."

The king shook his faithful knight by the hand, and withdrew to his repose. The Castilian felt no inclination for sleep, and he remained in the apartment, indulging in the various reflections which busy fancy conjured up. The

last conversation had awakened a train of associations which now crowded upon his mind with painful intensity.

He thought on her who was far away, and the importunities to which she might be subjected from his rival. Again, he shuddered when he reflected on the perilous situation in which her family might be placed by opposing the usurpation of Trastamara; for Ferran never considered the possibility of Don Egas presenting himself at the court of the usurper. These thoughts banished sleep from the Castilian's eyes, nor did the deep-toned bell that struck the hour of midnight break off his meditations. The lights had gradually died away, and the last taper, that still lingered with a sickly ray, seemed only to increase the gloom of the sombre and dreary apartment in which he lay; suddenly Ferran started; he fancied he heard a noise, but it might be one of the sentinels on duty, and he soon composed himself. The sound was again heard, and it approached nearer;

Ferran raised his eyes towards the entrance, when to his surprise he perceived a stranger standing at the door. He was a tall man, completely armed—and his martial carriage bespoke him more than a common man-at-arms. Don Ferran gazed on the nocturnal visitor, expecting he would unfold the purport of his mission; but as the stranger was apparently in doubt whether to break the silence, Ferran thus addressed him:

"Stranger, this hour seemeth not the most appropriate for an interview; what is thy purpose? who art thou?"

"A friend," solemnly replied the incognito.

"I know thee not—what wouldst thou with me?"

"Ferran! I bring you tidings, though it grieves me to say they will be perhaps of no welcome nature."

"Unfold yourself! this mystery is suspicious. Why am I troubled with this unseasonable intrusion?"

"Don Ferran de Castro!" cried the stranger, "I am one of the few faithful men left amongst the Castilians; as such, the knight of loyalty, the most gallant of *caballeros*, ought not to be surprised that I should seek his company.—I come from afar, Señor, to be a witness and an actor in the glorious feat of arms that will soon take place: report speaks bravely of the English knights; Heaven defend them! we may yet see the revival of the times of the Cid Campeador."

The stranger advanced towards De Castro; his visor was down, and the dim light of the expiring lamp revealed the stern features of one who had apparently passed the meridian of life; those features seemed familiar to Ferran, but he in vain endeavoured to recal them to his memory.

"Señor Don Ferran, am I then forgotten?"

"Heaven defend us!" exclaimed the surprised Castilian. "Pimiento!—is it possible?—thou here!"

"Yes, most noble caballero, it is in sooth

Pimiento, and marvel not at my determination, although it may appear strange. I am a humble, but a true man. I could not tamely endure the proceedings at Seville, and longed to join the gallant bands who are about to redeem the land from usurpation, and emulate those deeds that have conferred immortal fame on the names of Bernardo del Carpio and Martin Pelaez, with other *buenos caballeros*, of whom Spain has such reason to boast."

"I applaud your gallant spirit," returned Don Ferran. "But yet, Pimiento, I cannot reconcile your most extraordinary resolution with your usual good sense and discretion. Pardon my sincerity; but you ought to know that the humble retainer of a noble family can never aspire to the honours of knighthood; what interest, therefore, can you take in public affairs?"

"What interest," cried Pimiento, warmly, "what interest can I take in the affairs of my own country?—the interest of an honourable

man, though humbly born. Chance, that made others kings, and lords, and knights, made me a vassal: but yet, if I have not the external advantages of knighthood, I boldly claim the sentiments and spirit with the first in Christendom!"

There was a mixture of noble freedom, not unmixed with wildness, in the tone and manner of Pimiento, which might induce one unacquainted with his character, to attribute to a biassed intellect what was, in truth, the effect of a lofty and noble spirit, ill allied with humble birth and a dependant station. The Castilian had always entertained an especial regard for the faithful Pimiento; but this last proof of manly principle awoke his kindly esteem and admiration.

The arrival of the ex-warden was likewise most gratifying to the cavalier, as he might learn from him every particular relating to the family which so nearly interested his warmest feelings.

"Welcome, good Pimiento," he kindly said, "thrice welcome amongst the defenders of the good cause; and now explain to me those matters which thou knowest so intimately concern my happiness."

The countenance of Pimiento was more than usually clouded at this demand; but he did not speak.

"In frankness tell me," continued the cavalier, "what has befallen her since my unfortunate departure."

"Alack! alack!" replied Pimiento, "sorry things have seen the day; you would never have supposed the possibility of such things in the family of the Vargas."

"What!" exclaimed Don Ferran with throbbing emotion: "speak, Pimiento, speak! my Costanza—"

"She is well," returned Pimiento.

"What then," rejoined the knight, still more agitated, "has she proved false?—ah! whence

that visible emotion; what ill tidings have I to learn?"

"False—Costanza false!" cried Pimiento. "*Perdoneos el cielo, Señor,** for so unholy a suspicion. No, the sweet lady can never be false, despite of oppression, misfortune, and even death: the true blood of the Vargas runs in her noble veins; the best spirit of her ancestors governs her mind, and fills her gentle heart!"

"Then explain this mystery; what changes are those which threaten my happiness?"

"It irks me much, in troth, Señor," replied Pimiento, "to be the messenger of such tidings; but yet I will speak boldly and openly; for, much as I reverence my natural lord, yet justice is far dearer and more sacred to my heart. Don Egas de Vargas is false to his lawful king!"

"Heavens! what sayest thou, good friend!"

"Nought but the painful truth; Don Enrique counts amongst his adherents my unfor-

* Heaven forgive you, Sir.

tunate master. What witchery there was in it, I cannot tell; but his noble spirit most certainly could not be perverted by natural means. Alas! Señor, I never felt at ease since he visited Triana, nor could I help a thrill of dread and horror when Celestina came, and I perceived the unholy, impious *bruja** in close converse with Don Egas."

"Tush, tush! Pimiento, thy credulity is unreasonable."

"Sir, I am a simple man; but yet tax not so roughly my belief: such things have been, Señor—remember the diabolical—"

"Well, well," interrupted the Castilian, who feared to give scope to the legendary lore of his humble friend; "your suspicions I can surmise; but, surely, with Don Egas—"

"Foul means were employed," interrupted Pimiento; "else, Señor, how is it possible so sudden a change should be wrought? To effect these extraordinary deviations, I trow there

* A beldam—a witch.

must ever be a charm, for natural means would fail."

"I will not dispute the point," said De Castro; "but, I pray thee, proceed in thy recital: how bore the lady Costanza this melancholy dereliction?"

"Oh, Sir! most grievously. Poor lady, what trials she has been obliged to suffer! Then the persecution of Don Alvar—"

"What!" exclaimed Ferran with indignation; "has Don Alvar, then, dared to renew his solicitation to Costanza?"

"Most assiduously, Señor; nay, I may better say, most troublesomely. Don Egas, too, evinced no disinclination to the trial; and though he affected a neutrality in the case, it was the most partial neutrality I ever wot of."

"And she, of coure, meets these advances with a repulse?" said her lover, with noble confidence.

"As well becomes her proud nature. No importunities can influence her heart, no threats

subdue her mind. Oh, that your union may speedily terminate in a fortunate manner, and I may see the best caballero of Castile wed the fairest and most virtuous of its happy ladies."

"The intelligence you bring, Pimiento, does indeed call forth my most unbounded amazement! Don Egas de Vargas paying homage to the usurper!—'tis monstrous! Why, Heaven forgive me, it is not an hour since that I boldly told Don Pedro I would pledge my life for the loyalty of Don Egas! But, good Pimiento, relate how hast thou contrived to quit his service?"

"There was no other contrivance, Señor," quoth the *escudero*, drily, "than speaking fearlessly my mind, for I am a sorry hand at contrivances and stratagems. Every day brought me some fresh subject of complaint; and, as my remonstrances were despised, it only remained for me, as an honourable man, to quit a scene where all I witnessed was opposed to my principles—to all I held dear. This I did on the

very first occasion; and my master, the Lord forgive him, readily acquiesced in my wishes, when I informed him of my intention to depart. The old cavalier was as tired of hearing my just rebukes, as I of bearing witness to his weakness and trimming; and, Señor, we parted in amity, for I ever loved Don Egas, and ever shall."

"And his daughter—did she not oppose your intention?"

"Not when she knew it was my firm resolve to join the fugitive king. To her alone I confided my secret, and to her I am indebted for the means of accomplishing my purpose. To you, Señor, she sends her fervent prayers, and most pure love; and further, as a token, she sends you this."

As he spoke, he drew a little packet, and unclosing the silken bonds, he presented to the Castilian a beautiful crimson scarf, in which was wrought, in golden letters, "*Fidelidad*,"* together with a curious wreath formed of the names Costanza and Ferran.

* Fidelity.

"This scarf," continued Pimiento, "the sweet lady wrought with her own delicate hands, and alack! many a tedious and sorrowful hour did this pleasing occupation smooth away."

Don Ferran took the dear pledge of love, and fervently bestowed on it the kiss of devotion and respect.

"This valued gage shall constantly grace my arm in peace and war—ay! and in the hour of perilous adventure, it will strengthen and rekindle my drooping spirit."

"*Guardeos el cielo!*" cried Pimiento, "for a most true and deserving caballero. The Cid himself could not more appropriately receive the favours of Ximena."

The old escudero felt a thrill of joy as he gazed on the Castilian; the little incident which he had just witnessed recalled to his mind all the most favoured traditions and romances of chivalry, and in the noble cavalier before him he saw the beau ideal of a perfect knight. He looked fondly, enthusiastically on the young

Castilian; then, in a supplicating tone, he exclaimed—

"Oh! could you bless a humble man with the most grateful boon, poor Pimiento would be happy amongst the happiest!"

"Name it, and it is granted," said Ferran.

"Then, my good Señor, let me be your *escudero*—years can be no impediment, for I am yet young in alacrity and strength; mine has not been a life of idle dissipation and enervating vice. No, no, Señor, these old limbs will carry me yet firm and upright, and this right arm will not prove false in the hour of need. Younger and more comely *escuderos* you may find, but none more true, more faithful than Pimiento!"

"So God defend me!" returned Don Ferran, "but I shall esteem myself much honoured in having you at my side. It is no favour, my good friend, for your deserts would not disgrace the honour of knighthood."

"O, Señor, my humble merit is amply repaid in gaining the rank of an esquire to the best caballero in Castile."

After a few other inquiries and observations, the Castilians separated, mutually pleased with a meeting which had procured for the one tidings from Costanza, and a token of her constancy, and for the other the opportunity of mixing in scenes most congenial to his character and inclination. Here Pimiento found himself surrounded with the flower of English chivalry, and his senses would be gratified with the repetition of the exploits of the Black Prince, whose gigantic renown was the theme of general admiration.

Indeed Pimiento congratulated himself upon the determination he had taken; for every moment some saying or incident recalled strongly to his enthusiastic mind the most grateful aspirations of chivalry.

The army had now made good its entrance into Vittoria, and the civil authorities, with all the principal inhabitants, hastened to pay their homage to Don Pedro and his illustrious ally.

The cause of the exiled king now began to wear a more favourable aspect. The ranks of

the army that had crossed the Pyrenees were daily increased by volunteers, and more than two thousand Spanish cavaliers, and as many men-at-arms, had joined the standard of the king. Notwithstanding these reinforcements their united force did not amount to more than one third of the army of Don Enrique. It was difficult for the prince to restrain the fiery courage of the cavaliers, especially Sir Robert Knolles and the free companions, who had assisted in the daring adventure, which had terminated so tragically by the death of Sir William Felton, and the greatest number of his men. He no longer, therefore, strove to check their ardent spirit, and accordingly issued orders that their stay at Vittoria should be as short as possible, and that they should next advance against the enemy. These tidings were heard with joy, and every one prepared for the grand encounter, as though it were the eve of some great festival.

To keep alive this warm enthusiasm, the Black Prince bethought himself of conferring

the honour of knighthood upon the most deserving of his gentlemen. He was sitting at table with Don Pedro, and the lords and knights of his suite.

"My lords," he said, smiling, "beshrew me, but I have been too long remiss in testifying my sense of the deserts of some of our noble gentlemen and squires; and the eve of battle is, certes, no inappropriate time to cancel obligations; for, in good sooth, the Almighty only knows whether it may be again in my power, and it would be most unworthy of me to depart this world, leaving merit unrequited."

The knights appeared surprised at this commencement, for no one had the remotest idea of the prince's intentions.

"You seem surprised, my lords," continued Edward, "and I will not conceal my meaning. There are many in our gallant ranks well meriting the grace of knighthood, and I am determined no longer to withhold from them such a boon."

"Most bravely spoken, my liege," cried Sir John Chandos: "the thought has likewise struck me; for, amongst my followers, I count many of gentle blood, whose gallantry, displayed in many a field, would have done no discredit to knightly spurs."

"Then, Sir Knight, you will assist our good intent; make out, Sirs, the lists of those whose promotion is an act of justice, as well as a benefit withal, and see that this night they keep their vigils, in order that to-morrow, on the battle field, they may buckle on, for the first time, their spurs and swords. What think you, Sir Robert Knolles?—you hold your peace."

"Sir Prince," replied the knight, "what you propose is right; moreover our knighthood has sustained great losses lately: the deaths of Sir William Felton and others leave vacancies to be filled, though, certes, it will be difficult to find their fellows."

"It will, in troth, Sir Robert," replied the

prince, " for the knighthood of Christendom could boast few such men as Sir William."

Early in the morning the trumpets sounded, and the march was resumed. Towards evening, Sir Robert Knolles, who commanded the advance, came in sight of the adverse army, encamped on the heath beyond Navarete. It was precisely on the same spot where Sir Robert Knolles only a short time since had descried the same objects, when accompanied by his lamented and gallant friend, Sir William Felton. The formidable array caused no other sensations than those of ardent eagerness for the conflict. The prince halted in a sequestered spot by the skirt of a little wood, and there he proceeded to confer the order of knighthood on the different candidates. The ceremony was conducted with marks of strong interest, both on the part of the actors and spectators. The prince knighted his own squire, Sir Harry Holland. Then, from the same sword, and those of Sir John

Chandos and Sir Robert Knolles, no less than fifty gentlemen squires received the honourable *accolade*, and rose knights and peers of those by whom it had been bestowed. This exhibition afforded unbounded pleasure to the assembled army; and it is almost needless to observe, that Pimiento was one of the most interested of all in a scene so congenial to his natural taste: indeed, the good old man seemed rather to have lost his senses, so uncouth and strange were the gesticulations he made in demonstration of his gratified feelings. He looked on the ceremony with a sort of religious zeal, and most assuredly accompanied every successive *accolade* with a fervent prayer for the new made knight. Evening was now closing, and the following day being resolved upon to do battle, the Black Prince was active in giving the necessary orders, to have every thing in preparation.

"My lords," he said, addressing his near adherents, "at the first sound of the trumpet, let the army hold itself in readiness; and on

the third, follow banners, marshals, and pennons of St. George."

Having made the necessary dispositions for the safety of the camp, he ordered the troops early to rest, that they might be refreshed for the toils of the following day, whilst he himself, with that activity and vigilance which bespoke no less the prudent chief than the gallant warrior, rode up and down the camp, accompanied by Don Pedro, who seldom quitted his side, Ferran, Sir John Chandos, and a few other principal knights. Men, horses, and armour seemed to be in good keeping; the sentinels were alert on their posts, and the night being far advanced, the Black Prince retired to take some hours' repose.

"Sir King, good night!" he said, turning to Don Pedro; "the eventful day approaches. Ere yon pale moon shall again revisit the earth, the great question shall be decided; and I may give you the victorious soldier's embrace."

Don Pedro looked for a moment steadily at

the moon, as the prince pointed to it; then, with a proud smile, he exclaimed:—

"Yea, my fair cousin, that moon shall rise to-morrow to see me no longer a houseless wanderer, but the master of Castile: so Heaven and Santiago befriend the cause of justice!—Good night, my prince; good night to you, brave Sirs!"

With this, they retired severally to their tents. Strange and awful are the thoughts that crowd upon the mind on the eve of some great event; all the warriors were moved, but how various the sensations that actuated their hearts, and gave expression to their countenances! A noble spirit of chivalry, blended with religious feeling, filled the mind of Edward of Wales; hope to see his master on the throne sparkled in the eye of Ferran: but his hopes were clouded when he thought of the scenes of horror and death that were to purchase the wished-for event. A sombre and stern expression overcast the features of Don Pedro. With

folded arms, and eyes fixed on the adverse camp, he seemed to weigh the probabilities of success and defeat; and as the balance seemed to preponderate, a fearful smile or a scowl alternately bore witness to the nature of his feelings.

Gradually every one withdrew, and all was buried in deep and breathless silence. The moon slowly sailed on her accustomed course, and her pale beams were mournfully reflected on the fearful instruments of death grouped around the place.

Differently, however, was the time spent in the camp of Don Enrique, where great feasting and rejoicing prevailed. A double allowance of provisions had been granted to the men, huge fires were made, and the merry song, the coarse joke, and loud laugh served as a prologue to the bloody tragedy that was soon to follow. No one bethought himself of sleep; but shortly after midnight, according to the instructions given by Trastamara, the trumpets sounded, and the whole army was marshalled in battle

array. An equal degree of enthusiasm and martial spirit pervaded the ranks, and as Don Enrique, attended by his brothers, Sir Bertrand Duguesclin and the Marshal of Andreghan, went his rounds, he felt much gratified at the apparent confidence of his followers. The several divisions received the direction in which they were to march, and they were then ordered to stand to their arms. In this manner they awaited the word of command to advance in close order against the enemy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF NAJARA. (12)

"On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain outright;
Here falls a body, sunder'd from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and embowel'd steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain."
The Spanish Tragedy, or Jeronimo is Mad Again. 1599.

The morning dawned clear and serene, and the sun that was to witness the terrific scene of human destruction, rose in unusual splendour. The country around looked smiling and happy, and only the sweet voices of nature's minstrels disturbed the silence of the tranquil hour. The

Prince of Wales vaulted gallantly on his charger, and took the field. Nothing could surpass the dazzling view of the gallant battalions, drawn up in battle array according to their positions, or the innumerable knights, splendidly accoutred, on whose burnished armour and glittering helmets the beams of the sun were reflected with dazzling power. The prince now ascended a small hill, from which he could descry the advance of the enemy.

Indeed Don Enrique had commenced his march sooner than was expected, and now he boldly advanced his line, extending in a formidable manner over a large space. It was composed of three numerous bodies—the right was commanded by Bertrand Duguesclin, assisted by his French knights; the left, by the king's brothers, Don Tello and Don Sancho; while Trastamara himself led forward the centre, by far the most formidable, and covered by a strong body of reserve.

" By my faith!" cried the prince, " we have

gallant foes to contend with—they are not backward in meeting our advances. Now, Sirs, let each man tighten his armour, and make ready for combat; the enemy will brook no delay, I trow."

Sir John Chandos now gallantly rode in front of the army, bearing a banner uncased in his hand, and, making a graceful salute, he presented it to the prince.

"My liege lord," he said, "here is my banner that I will proudly bear by your side in fearful battle or in tourney."

"Sir John, your well-known courage and attachment to us have always merited my warmest commendation," replied the prince.

After these words, he extended his right arm to Don Pedro, who rode by his side, and, taking his hand,

"Sir King," he said, "you will this day know whether you have any power in Castile; be of good cheer, for, with the help of God, you shall regain your lost throne."

As the armies were now nearly approaching each other, the illustrious prince, with his visor up and his hands clasped, addressed to Heaven a short but fervent prayer, to implore the assistance of the Supreme Being in favour of his arms. He then briskly extended his right arm, and cried with powerful voice,

"Advance banners, in the name of God and Saint George!"

The command was echoed from chief to chief; and as the several divisions were put in motion, a simultaneous shout was raised along the line, which was answered with equal enthusiasm by the enemy. The right wing of the adverse army, led on by Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, was opposed by a powerful body of English troops, commanded by the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos. It was on this side that the action commenced. The advance of the French and Spaniards was received by a murderous discharge from the cross-bowmen, the severe effects of which were immediately perceptible amongst

the crowded ranks of the enemy. Sir John Chandos taking advantage of the momentary check occasioned by these destructive missiles, made a desperate charge at the head of a strong body of knights and men-at-arms, supported by Sir Hugh Calverley and his free companions. They were met, however, by Sir Bertrand Duguesclin and his chevaliers with dauntless intrepidity and equal strength, which gave time for the infantry to rally from the effects of the English archery. The combatants had now closed, and the fight in this quarter became general. As the fury of the battle increased, the fortune of the day seemed to incline alternately on either side; but the foes being so equally matched, neither could yet claim a decided advantage. The English, although inferior in number, infinitely surpassed their enemy in acts of desperate valour, and in their superiority of military knowledge. The conduct of a single knight in particular seemed to declare the balance in favour ofDon Pedro. This was

Sir John Chandos, a man of great stature and amazing strength, who being now excited by the heat of action, shewed wondrous courage and ability. Followed by his gallant band, he rushed on through the ranks of the enemy, wielding his ponderous battle-axe with such deadly effect, that dismay spread on all sides at his approach. Every knight, appalled at his strength and prowess, cautiously avoided so formidable an adversary single hand. The two other divisions had by this time joined in the conflict.

Don Enrique, who had collected an immense band of the most dextrous slingers, welcomed his English opponents with a tremendous shower of stones that obscured the air, and fell with rattling clangour, breaking helmets and skull-caps, killing many, and unhorsing others. This discharge was briskly returned by another of missiles equally destructive: for the renowned English archers now advanced with their long-bows, and sent such a flight of

barbed arrows, with such force and precision, that every shaft carried an adversary to the ground. Again, from both sides, the missiles flew on high, obscuring the sky, clashing against each other, and then falling on the combatants. A deafening clamour increased the confusion. The various knights shouted aloud their war-cries to animate their men. "*Castile for Don Enrique!*" was heard on one side, which was answered by "*St. George for Guienne!*"

The Prince of Wales, observing that the enemy was weakest on the side commanded by the brothers of Don Enrique, now left the centre to Don Pedro, and, with a chosen support of his own knights, fell with headlong fury upon the left wing of the Spanish army. Don Tello was not able to withstand the powerful shock, and began to waver and lose ground. The Black Prince, in his sable armour, rode the terror of the field; every movement of his tremendous weapon was marked by destruction;

his terrible form, erect on his warlike and well tutored barb, signalized his approach as the harbinger of defeat.

The prince made his way directly towards the spot where the Spanish leader was engaged. Don Tello was struck with a panic at the appalling figure, and, giving spurs to his horse, fled with the utmost precipitation from the field, followed by the greatest part of his cavaliers. Don Sancho made a gallant attempt to check the victorious progress of the Prince of Wales; but his efforts were unavailing; his men, chiefly foot, fled in disorder, and left a passage to the English, enabled by this means to threaten the rear of the main body of the army, consisting of sixty thousand, and commanded by Trastamara in person.

The flight of Don Tello, and the defeat of his division, was so sudden, that the reserve, which had marched to his support, was not able to prevent the disastrous consequences. They, however, arrived in time to sustain, although

under great disadvantages, the principal weight of the English attack, and to prevent them falling with their whole force upon the rear of Don Enrique. The battle now grew more desperate; it had lasted till noon; great havoc already marked the deeds of the day; the field was strewed with the slaughtered and the wounded; and heaps of broken armour, spears, and other weapons, obstructed the combatants on every side. Coming to a closer conflict, men to men were seen fighting, with such determined enmity, that each seemed actuated by a private sense of wrong, rather than governed by the general spirit of a public cause. Some of the cavaliers, unhorsed, still bravely fought with small swords, whilst others battled with spear in both hands, or used sharp daggers, or other weapons, as they lay prostrate on the ground.

By this time Sir John Chandos had thrown the left wing of the enemy into complete disorder. With overwhelming force he drove the enemy's battalions before him, causing the

wildest disorder, and trampling banner, pennon, and other spoils of the fugitives, under foot. Don Martin Ferrand, a Spanish knight of much renown and extraordinary strength, beheld with rage the progress of the English cavalier. He determined to check his career, or perish in the attempt. He rushed upon the gallant Englishman with such desperate force, that, not expecting so sudden and tremendous an attack, Sir John was borne to the ground. Don Martin then, suddenly dismounting, threw himself upon his adversary with the intention of inflicting a mortal wound. The strength of Sir John Chandos was, however, so great, that it required all the extraordinary power of his formidable opponent to keep him pinned to the ground. Don Martin finding that he was unable to use his weapon, with Herculean grasp endeavoured to smother the fallen knight, who, being completely cased in steel armour, could in no other manner so speedily receive his doom. In this dreadful emergency Sir John bethought himself

of a small sharp dagger which he constantly wore; and, summoning his utmost strength, plunged the deadly weapon three several times through the joints of the armour in the side of his foe. Don Martin sprung from the ground, staggered, and fell; but his adherents closed eagerly upon Sir John, who had already succeeded in raising himself upon one knee; and in this position he contrived to keep the enemy at bay, until Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Hugh Calverley, and other knights, who were at that time actively engaged, could come to the rescue. This they at last effected, though not without perilous difficulty. Don Enrique maintained his ground nobly, and the most desperate defence was made by Bertrand Duguesclin. Thus, in spite of the defection and flight of Don Tello, the French and Arragonians gave the good knights of England enough to do; but, at length, the superior fortune of the Black Prince prevailed. The centre of the enemy began to give way, when Don Enrique, who perceived

his predicament, by incessant exertion succeeded in rallying his men, and brought them three several times to the onset.

He endeavoured to excite their emulation, and keep alive their fainting courage, by the most energetic remonstrances:—"My lords! my lords! I am your king!" he would cry. "You yourselves have placed me on the throne!—You have sworn sooner to die than forsake me!—For the love of God, preserve those oaths!—Do not by an ignominious flight, tarnish your former glory!—On, my lords, on! 'tis Don Enrique leads you!"

By these and similar expostulations, he succeeded in reviving the drooping energies of his followers, most of whom bravely sacrificed their lives in his service; but it was of no avail: confusion and dismay spread rapidly through the ranks, and the day appeared lost. The Bla·e Prince behaved, on this occasion, with that rge, nanimity which had so honourably distingu·dos,

ıg, in

him at Cressy and Poictiers. He was seen flying amidst the hottest of the action; and wherever peril and distress caught his eagle eye, there he constantly hastened, while his presence brought assurance to his men, and discomfiture to his foes. The enemy now began to fly in all directions, and in the most complete confusion.

Don Lope de Ayala, who carried *el pendon de la Vanda*, was made prisoner; and every thing seemed to announce that the victory was won. Still there remained something more to be achieved; for the Black Prince perceived that the Duke of Lancaster was yet vigorously opposed by Sir Bertrand Duguesclin and his chosen knights. He spurred to that quarter of the field, and in his way he encountered Don Pedro, whose eyes glistened with joy. He bore the signs of a desperate fight: his armour hacked and broken in many places, and v stained with gore.

"By Santiago! good cousin," he cried, as the prince met him, "this is well; a little more, and Castile is mine!"

"Sir King," said the prince, glancing at his stained armour, "methinks you bear tokens of having well deserved it."

"Ay! by my head!" exclaimed fiercely Don Pedro, "the traitors have sorely felt the wrath of their injured king; but where—where's the bastard, and Bertrand, that hated Frenchman? I cannot find them; and no others will satisfy my appetite: I am sated with chastising lesser rebels."

"Don Enrique is either dead or fled," returned Edward.

"Fled!" exclaimed the king, in alarm; "God forbid!"

Here they arrived at the spot where the action was still continued with fury. Meantime, the free companions under the pennon of St. George, and attached to the cause of Sir John Chandos, having succeeded, by desperate fighting, in

breaking the right wing of the Spaniards, now made their appearance in the rear of Sir Bertrand, who, with the Marshal of Andreghan and the Begue Villaines, and others, had been joined by numbers of Spanish knights belonging to the routed divisions, who not choosing to quit the field, had rallied round the standard of the gallant Frenchman, and endeavoured by the most desperate valour to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

Sir Bertrand, hotly engaged with the Duke of Lancaster's troops, saw with dismay the attack of the free companions in his rear. He instantly determined to force a passage through them, to secure his retreat, and accordingly directed his whole strength towards that quarter. But Sir John Chandos gallantly resolved to oppose that intention, and achieve some feat of hazardous and honourable chivalry. He called lustily and cheerily to his near adherents, Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Hugh Calverley. They encountered firmly the desperate onset of

the French chevaliers. Sir John in the midst of the fray endeavoured to single out Duguesclin.

"Sir Bertrand," he cried, "I am Sir John Chandos, and long to prove the mettle of the best knight of France." Bertrand Duguesclin advanced at this invitation, and a short but fearful contest ensued; however, the combatants were soon separated by the numbers that thronged on all sides, and the battle again became general. This was at the moment when the Black Prince arrived to decide the fortune of the field. A loud, powerful voice was heard calling upon Sir Bertrand, and Don Pedro was seen breaking through the crowd of steel-clad warriors, and making his way towards the spot—

"There is the dog!" he exclaimed; "let mine be the pleasure of trampling his proud crest under foot, and shedding his life blood!"

He darted furiously against Bertrand Duguesclin, who, though repulsed by the companions,

still maintained the battle, with his brave comrades, albeit hopeless of success. The knight, boiling with rage at this uncourteous salutation, sprung forward, and dealt Don Pedro such a sudden and terrible blow, that the king reeled in his saddle, and his charger fell upon his knees. At this critical moment, he was about to repeat the mortal attack, when Don Ferran happily broke its deadly aim by throwing his shield over the king; at the same time an English squire, belonging to Sir John Chandos, slipped dextrously between the horses, and leaping upon the back of Duguesclin's charger, clasped the knight tightly round the waist, and deprived him of further means of resistance. Sir John Chandos immediately came up, and the French knight, together with the Marshal of Andreghan, the Beque de Villaines, and the rest of the knights, who had till now continued a brave resistance, surrendered. The victory was now complete, though the contest had been very

sanguinary. Many of the best knights were slain, and an immense number of troops on both sides.

The field of battle presented a striking and terrific picture; strewed with the bodies of men and horses, round a wide circumference the bloody spoils of the action met the eye. The banks of the river before Najara were tinged with blood, and many endeavouring to escape from the slaughter, met their death in its ensanguined waters. An active search was now commenced for the body of Trastamara, who it was supposed had fallen in the action; but though they met with those of his nearest adherents, and a great number of grandees and *ricos-homes*, yet that of Don Enrique could not be found. The ex-king of Castile, when he found the day was lost, had commanded those who still adhered to his person to separate, that they might retire from the field with less observation and greater security. He had himself succeeded in effecting his escape from the scene of

havoc, but just when he considered himself secure, his horse fell, exhausted with fatigue. This accident had nearly proved fatal to him, for the next moment he found himself beset by three men, who were straggling in pursuit of prisoners.

"Yield thee, caballero, or die!" cried one, as he pointed his sword at the fallen king.

Don Enrique was somewhat re-assured when he perceived that his foes were Spaniards, for he dreaded falling into the power of the English.

"My good Castilians," said Don Enrique, "if you take me to Don Pedro or his ally, it were as well to slay me outright."

"Oh! there is no remedy," returned the Castilian. "You know, Señor, the laws of war and chivalry, and I marvel if the Cid himself would consent to act otherwise."

"Mayhap you are of importance," said another, "and worthy a rich ransom?"

In this exigency Don Enrique determined upon a bold action, and taking the foremost

aside he let his visor fall, exclaiming in a mournful voice—" Then behold your prisoner: it is the unfortunate King of Castile."

" Cielos santos!" exclaimed Pimiento, who was the principal of the party; " it is Don Enrique de Trastamara, in very sooth."

" It is, indeed," returned Don Enrique, mournfully, " the defeated Sovereign of Castile."

" Hold, Señor!" interrupted Pimiento, proudly, " Don Pedro is the sovereign of Castile. He is generous, and will feel overjoyed to be reconciled to his brother—for you are his brother, spite of your rebellion."

" Deliver me to Don Pedro!" exclaimed Trastamara. " No, no! in the name of Heaven take my life, for I can look upon death after my late disaster; but I shall never behold his vaunting exultation, his savage revenge. No, my good *escudero*, never hope to carry me alive to your master!"

The tone of agony and despair in which these words were spoken, softened the kind heart of Pimiento, who, despite of his loyalty to Don Pedro, could not help regarding, with a feeling of involuntary respect, one who but lately had been the arbiter of thousands. The sovereign dispenser of honours and dignities was now himself dependant on the compassion of a humble squire! He who had commanded a hundred thousand warriors for the defence of his crown, was at the mercy of three poor, unknown men!

Don Enrique perceived the impression he had made, and assiduously endeavoured to interest the feelings of the Spaniard. "Castellano," he said, in a moving tone, "whatever may be your sentiments, you cannot surely rejoice in the prospect of my death. Consider the height from which I am fallen—surely I am unfortunate enough, and amply punished, if offence I have committed. Let me depart—I will speed me to distant regions, and never

perhaps will you hear more of the unfortunate Don Enrique. Here, take this—share it, and let me go in peace."

As he said this, he threw a heavy purse, which Pimiento disdainfully made over to his greedy companions.

"Señor Don Enrique," he then said, with much solemnity, "you surely cannot hope to bribe Pimiento, who, though a humble escudero, is an upright man. No, not all the gold of Castile could do that; but a nobler feeling will grant what avarice will not;—since you depart to distant lands, never more to return, begone, and may Heaven protect you!"

"Generous escudero," replied Trastamara, "it grieves me to have offended you, by offering gold; but take this in remembrance of Don Enrique—perhaps at some distant time it may serve you. It will be a passport for you amongst my friends." As he said this, he took a sparkling signet and presented it to Pimiento, who respectfully accepted it, having first called

to mind the usages of ancient knights, and found no impropriety in doing so. Don Enrique now sped away on foot, but he had soon the good fortune to fall in with Don Alvar, and a few other cavaliers, who procured him a horse, and avoiding the high roads with much precaution, they directed their course toward the frontier.

Meantime Pimiento, whose chivalrous feeling and kind heart could not endure the idea of sacrificing the unfortunate Trastamara to the vengeance of his brother, was sufficiently rewarded with the issue of his adventure. He carefully concealed the quality of his prisoner from his companions, who were perfectly satisfied with the gold, and returned joyfully to the camp, where every one was now reposing, and making merry after the terrible hardships of the day. The Black Prince, with a gallant retinue, was inspecting the field of battle. Despite of the soul-stirring sentiments of glory after the achievement of so great a victory, the noble heart of Edward felt a thrill of pity and dismay,

as he beheld the wide extending scene, which in the morning lay tranquil and serene in unstained freshness and repose. It was now covered with the masses of broken and shattered helmets, shields, lances, and swords, that in wild confusion lay scattered round, all dyed in blood, and some still grasped within the cold, lifeless hands that had wielded them. The trumpets, clarions, and other instruments, now struck up an enlivening strain, and a joyous hymn of victory was chaunted by the soldiers. Noon was far advanced, and the prince gave orders to withdraw to the village of Najara, there to refresh themselves from the abundant stores which had been provided by Don Enrique.

But first he commanded his standard to be erected on an eminence, to serve as a rallying post to their dispersed companions. Thither knights and squires flocked from all sides, and amongst others came Don Pedro, accompanied by some Spanish cavaliers. The King of Castile gallantly rode up, and as soon as he perceived

the heroic Edward, he nimbly threw himself from his steed, and, to testify his gratitude, was about to bend his knee, when the good prince, perceiving his intentions, hastily sped to prevent it.

"Nay, fair cousin," cried Don Pedro, "your noble spirit cannot refuse a testimony which in bare justice is strictly your due."

Edward took him by the hand, and with that unaffected humility which so well became his generous soul,

"Bow not to me, Sir King," he gravely said; "but rather raise your hands in thanksgiving to our God; for, through him alone, and not by me, you have obtained this victory."

The following morning was piously devoted to give burial to the brave who had fallen in that eventful fight. The church service was ead in the field of battle; and in the presence of the knights and squires, the cold remains of their companions were silently consigned to the earth. The trumpets then sounded a blast, and

the prince came forth, attended by the Duke of Lancaster, Sir John Chandos, the Marshal of Aquitaine, and Don Jayme, king of Majorca, to pass in review, and examine the many prisoners who had been taken by the different battalions. Don Pedro approached the prince, eager to pay every respect to his benefactor.

" My prince," he said, " methinks 'tis time to look to our prisoners."

" Ay! Sir Spaniard," answered Edward, " we were this very moment directing our thoughts thereto."

" In troth, I am happy," returned the king; " for I came to ask a boon, and the time is now most apt."

" A boon, Sir King!" cried the prince; " certes, you are now King of Castile, and 'tis your right and privilege to grant boons and all special favours. But yet, Sir, speak on; any thing that can in justice be done, will Edward of Wales refuse to his kinsman of Castile?"

"Dear lord and fair cousin,' said Don Pedro, "I do fervently entreat and beseech you, in the name of our friendship, to deliver up to me those Castilian traitors! I shall take it, Sir, in great kindness."

"Some of them, my liege, are the lawful prisoners of my knights," replied the prince, "who might expect at least a share in their ransom, seeing that, as their liege lord, I may claim the other; but still this shall be no impediment, and your request shall be granted, provided you list to acquaint me with your intentions respecting them."

"No other, Sir Prince, than to make them all shorter before the sun goes down," returned Don Pedro, in a resolute tone of voice, and fearful composure of manner.

Edward was struck no less at the request than at the calmness with which it was made, and seemed for some time unable to find an answer.

"Sir King," he said, after a lapse, "your request is granted; but I have likewise bethought

me of a boon which it is in your power to grant; and I beg you, in the name of our connection and alliance, not to deny it to me."

"My lord and fair cousin," cheerfully exclaimed Don Pedro, "you do much honour us, by signifying your wishes; and it is a sacred duty in me to consult your good pleasure: speak, Señor; whatever I have is yours."

"Thank you, Sir King, for your readiness in meeting my desires. The boon I crave is simply your free pardon for all and every one of your rebellious subjects."

Don Pedro started back with suspicion, but the prince, without the least emotion, continued:

"Enough of human blood has already been shed; look, Sir King, look to yonder field: the earth is soaked with the streams of life; and, certes, the King of Castile cannot thirst after more, when that which was spilt but yesterday is not yet dry. Besides, is it decent or laudable that Don Pedro should disgrace the first day of his restoration by an act of cruelty and revenge?

No! by Saint George, he will think better of it. Sir King, Edward of Wales bespeaks a general pardon."

"General pardon!" repeated Don Pedro, in a tone of sombre disappointment.

"Stay, Sir; but I do not include some two or three whose repeated treasons may have rendered them unworthy of amnesty."

Don Pedro for a moment fixed his eyes on the ground, and remained silent; then with a smile he said, in a calm voice,

"Fair cousin, I willingly grant your request —I can refuse nothing to your love."

In this manner the magnanimous Edward saved the lives of many noblemen and gentry, whom the vindictive spirit of Don Pedro had devoted to immediate death. Moreover, the generous prince, conformably to the laws of genuine heroism, endeavoured by a friendly admonition to reconcile the king with his vanquished subjects, inculcating counsel for the peace and tranquillity of his kingdom. The

grandees and *ricos-homes* were then brought forward. At the head of them appeared the young and brave Don Sancho, natural brother to the king, who had behaved with particular gallantry in the battle, and who on this account, as well as for his youth, excited general sympathy among the spectators.

Don Pedro now advanced in front, accompanied by the Black Prince and the numerous cortège: when the trumpets sounding a blast, Edward proclaimed aloud the favourable intentions of King Don Pedro towards his undutiful subjects, and in his name pronounced pardon to all except Don Enrique.

"Sir King!" said the prince, addressing Don Pedro, and pointing to Don Sancho, "behold your brother Don Sancho." Then turning to the young prince, he added, "Sir Spaniard, fear not—the King of Castile has forgotten all the past, save that you are his brother."

Don Sancho was moved to tears. He advanced and threw himself at the feet of his

brother. Don Pedro felt great agitation, but at length overcome by those impulses of nature which on certain occasions prove superior to every other passion or consideration, extended his hand to his prostrate brother.

"Sancho! Sancho! you have used me ill; 'tis past—come to my arms!" He embraced him, and a reconciliation was effected. Soon after Don Sancho, together with all the nobles and *ricos-homes*, renewed their oaths of allegiance and fidelity to the king; and the generous Edward beheld with genuine satisfaction the happy turn which his mediation had occasioned.

The wounds and civil dissensions which had long distracted the fair territories of Castile, were now likely to be healed by the improved temper of the king, and the lessons he had acquired in the school of hardship and experience.

Every day messengers arrived from the different cities and towns of the kingdom, to offer

their congratulations and homage to Don Pedro. The country was thoroughly tranquil; for the defeat of Don Enrique had been so complete as to preclude every possibility of an attempt, however desperate, on the part of his adherents. Besides, all hopes had vanished from the disaffected, when they learnt that Bertrand Duguesclin and his knights were now prisoners of the English, who certainly would not release them without ample security. Thus the single battle of Najara, a battle for ever memorable in history, restored the full sovereignty of Castile to Don Pedro, who, having arranged every thing to his satisfaction, prepared to return to Seville, the capital of his dominions..

NOTES

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Note (1), *page* 6.

THE connexion of Doña Maria Padilla with Don Pedro was, by many, considered as one of the principal causes of the disturbances and civil wars of Castile at that period. She has, accordingly, been severely dealt with, and in many instances represented as a wicked, violent virago, and void of every virtue. This, however, is an exaggerated picture: Doña Maria loved the king passionately; and as a woman, therefore, she was liable to those weaknesses and errors, arising from the intensity of female affection. She was very jealous and rather haughty; she took advantage also of her

ascendancy over Don Pedro, to advance the fortunes of her relatives, especially of her brother, and she endeavoured to crush those whom she knew were hourly conspiring her ruin. Now it may be observed, that a woman may be guilty of all this without justly incurring the appellation of excessive wickedness. That she was a lady of extraordinary mental endowments, as well as personal charms, is undeniable. Mariana, himself, when speaking of her death, says—"Had she not stained her life by a licentious commerce with the king, she was, for the rest, a woman worthy of becoming a queen, on account of the many mental and physical graces which she had received from nature." The story of Doña Maria affords great scope to the dramatist and novelist; but I have been obliged to relinquish the advantages my work might have derived from that source, in order to observe the unity of plan so essential in this sort of composition. Indeed, the incidents connected with the mistress and the queen of Don Pedro, offer matter for a separate tale, which I may probably undertake in the sequel.

Note (2), *page* 9.

The death of Don Fadrique, master of the Order of Santiago, was of a truly horrible description. He had his head literally smashed to pieces by two *ballesteros de maza* (or mace-bearers), who fell on him by order of the king, and dispatched him in the very

court of the Alcazar; and, as Ayala says, before the windows of Doña Maria Padilla, who was herself a witness of the horrid deed. At the same time it must be allowed, that this act, barbarous as it is, was not altogether unprovoked, as some historians relate it. The king had long entertained suspicions of the conduct of Don Fadrique. "He had revolted, too, against Don Pedro, and been one of those who had laid hands on him, and held him prisoner at Toro; at which time he had caused the *Maestre de Calatrava* and the prior of St. John to be executed; besides this, he was guilty of many other offences against Don Pedro."—(See El despensero mayor y Gutierre de Guzman, folio 511.)

Note (3), *page* 9.

Mariana says, that Queen Blanche was secretly put to death by means of some poisonous herbs, administered to her by a physician of Medina Sidonia, where she was confined in a close prison. The Chronicles of Ayala, on the contrary, relate that she was killed by a ballestero, or mace-bearer, named Juan Perez. Both these authors and others assert, that Don Pedro was privy to the death of his queen. The *despensero mayor* (steward) of the Queen Doña Leonor de Castilla, in his commentaries, says, that the queen died at Ureña of a natural death. Gratia Dei, the apologist of Don Pedro, whose work is to be found inserted in the *Sema-*

nario Erudito, is of the same opinion. Whatever might have been the real cause and manner of the queen's death, it is not less certain, that while alive, she served as a pretext to the turbulent rebels to continue their machinations. This incessant plotting, combined with Don Pedro's violent temper, might, in all probability, have impelled him to the cruel act, in order to remove the ostensible cause of the dissensions in his kingdom; but by so doing, he only made matters worse. In the old French memoirs of Bertrand Duguesclin, a very curious, and almost incredible story, is related concerning the death of the unfortunate Blanche. It is there said, that a Jew, having saluted the queen on the cheek, she was so indignant when made acquainted with his religion, that she caused him to be ignominiously driven from her presence. The Jew conceived an inveterate revenge, and conspired with Doña Maria Padilla to accomplish the ruin of Blanche. The jealousy of the favoured mistress of Don Pedro most effectually seconded the miscreant's designs, by stimulating her royal lover to the horrid act. Accordingly, he ordered the Jew, with a party of his countrymen, to surround the queen's residence, and put her to death. This version of the story has met with no authentic support; and I am surprized that a man of Lord Porchester's talents should have adopted it, in the construction of his tragedy of Don Pedro.

Note (4), *page* 11.

In the extract of the *Memoire*, published in 1826, by the *Depôt de la Guerre*, in Paris, relating to the war in Spain of 1823, that corporation, alluding to the protection and aid afforded by France to Trastamara, in dethroning a *legitimate* king, has the following curious words: "The wise King Charles V. freed himself by this means from those companies of *routiers* that had desolated the kingdom during the reign of his father, and the beginning of his own." And afterwards, it is added, "The expedition of Duguesclin was principally to rid the kingdom of a number of *brigands*, sent to perish in Spain, as it was reasonably expected that the effects of their licensing would be fatal to France."

Now these words are exceedingly edifying in the mouths of strenuous defenders of *legitimacy*. From the first paragraph above quoted, we are to learn that it is a wise and meritorious thing to support the pretensions of an usurper against a *legitimate* king, when a nation happens to be overstocked with "*routiers*:" and from the second, "that a neighbouring country is the most fit burying-place for the *brigands* of a nation that fears to license them." These two propositions are, no doubt, highly politic and very moral withal.

Really people ought to be a little more consistent, or at least use a little more dexterity.

Note (5), page 65.

In the *Semanario Erudito* is to be found a short history of Don Pedro, written in vindication of the character and actions of that king. The author writes under the assumed name of *Gratia Dei,* and though in some instances his desire to exculpate that monarch carries him too far, still he brings many powerful reasons to show that the character of Don Pedro has been grossly and maliciously misrepresented. He vigorously impugns the Chronicles of Ayala, and not without cause, when we consider that Ayala was one of the most staunch partizans of Trastamara; a man in high favour with the usurper, at whose desire and that of the rest of the accomplice nobles, he wrote a history of those turbulent times. "Placebo Domino," as Alonzo Fernandez says. Among other precious documents, *Gratia Dei* mentions a chronicle of Don Pedro, written in secret by Don Juan de Castro, Bishop of Jaen and Palencia. This prelate also vindicates the king. From this source, *El Despensero Mayor* drew many of his materials.

Note (6), *page* 82.

The battle of the *Navas of Tolosa,* forms one of the

nost celebrated feats of early Spanish history. It is, however, of so fabulous a nature, that some grave historians have even doubted that such a battle really took place. In this, perhaps, they are too sceptical; for though no reasonable man will credit that a battle was fought, in which 100,000 Moors were slain, and only twenty-five (! ! !) Christians; yet we may safely infer that a signal victory might have been obtained, though far, indeed, from the Sampsonic achievements above stated. Alfonzo the Eighth, who obtained this triumph and the surname of the Noble, is, perhaps, the most chivalrous character in the long series of Spanish kings.

Note (7), page 97.

The Macarena.—This name is given to one of the oldest parts of Seville. It is now the receptacle of the notorious characters of the city, and has always been famous for the turbulent propensities of its inhabitants, almost exclusively composed of the poorer classes and lower orders.

Note (8), page 104.

The Columns of Hercules.—It is readily believed that these two columns of the Corinthian order, belong d to a temple of Hercul s, built by the Romans. Hercules is supposed to have been the founder of

Seville. Rodrigo Caro brings strong arguments to favour this supposition. On the *Puerta de la Carne*, one of the gates of the city, the following verses are inscribed—

> "Condidit Alcides, renovavit Julius urbem
> Restituit Christo Ferdinandus tertius Heros."

Two statues, one of Hercules, the other of Julius Cæsar, stand at the summit of these columns, and they add much to the beauty of the Alameda.

Note (9), *page* idem.

Atarazanas.—This was an arsenal for the construction of ships, and a general magazine for every thing relating to the navy. It was founded in the reign of Alfonso the Sage, about the year 1252.

It is surprising what progress the Castilians had made at that remote period in navigation. Don Pedro, amongst the many high qualities that distinguished his character, possessed a genius for maritime affairs. This is clearly proved, by his daring and romantic expedition against the king of Arragon; when he signalized himself by his attacks upon Alicante, as well as other valiant achievements along the coast of Valencia. Zuniga, in his *Annals of Seville*, page 217, says, that " the *Atarazanas* were plentifully stocked with every thing necessary for the construction of ships, which could be put in readiness in a short time.

Extensive forests at Aroche, and other parts, were cultivated solely with the intention of affording timber."

Note (10), *page* 112.

Torre del oro, or, the tower of gold.—This tower was built by the Romans, and stands on the bank of the river at the place of landing. Its figure is Octagon, and contains three stories; most of it is formed of *piedra labrada.* It was probably erected as a defence to the city, in that direction.—See Ponz, vol. 9.

Note (11), *page* 114.

In one of the narrow streets of Seville, called *del Candilejo*, is to be seen a bust of stone, placed in a corner. It is generally believed to be the effigy of the king Don Pedro. A very curious story is related concerning this bust. It is said, that the king going *incognito* upon one of his nocturnal rambles, for some reason or other killed a man. The dead body being found next morning, the necessary steps were taken to come to a proper investigation of the case. An old woman declared, that hearing a noise of swords in the street, she peeped out at a window, with a *candilejo*, or old lamp, and that she recognized the king in one of the combatants. Don Pedro being informed of the deposition made against him, caused his accuser to be munificently rewarded for her integrity and courage. He next ordered that a bust of his own head should be

collocated on the place where he committed the deed, as a future memento. This incident happened in the year 1354.—See *Anales de Sevilla.* The street bears to this day the name of *Calle del Candilejo.*

Note (12), *page* 268.

The famous battle of Najara was fought on the third of April, 1367. It was one of the most decisive actions, as well as the most signal victory. It placed Don Pedro again upon his throne. Though the name of the Black Prince is generally coupled with the brilliant feats of Poictiers or Cressy, it might be proper to observe that his achievements at Najara were fully as glorious, though not so generally quoted as those of the above-mentioned battles.

END OF VOL. I.

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